

Sports Illustrated

MAY 21, 1973 60 CENTS

NEVER BET AGAINST THIS MAN

**Bobby Riggs Beats
Margaret Court**





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TOYOTA

**Toyota Celica ST and
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Please register me in the Minolta photo Competition. Send me an entry blank, rules and regulations, official score list, free Minolta decal, plus a handy, illustrated guide — "Cars and Cameras Putting Things All Together." Contest ends January 31, 1974.

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Zip _____

Present camera _____





If it looks like lemonade, why shouldn't it taste like lemonade?

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It also happens to benefit somebody else. You.



THE TRAVELERS

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Next week

HALF OF AMERICA still is not getting a run for its money in the world of sport. The first of a three-part series explores discrimination against women and considers its consequences.

THE PREAKNESS cost Riva Ridge racing's Triple Crown last year, so his stablemate Secretariat will be all out to even a score in Baltimore. Of course, Sham will be on hand, too.

CAN THE RACER BOYS win Indy despite the villainous machinations of Rodney Evil? Absolutely, says Artist Bob Peak, who has a hand in this new comic-strip adventure.

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We built them for real comfort. With a waistband that stretches when you do. Fabrics that "breathe." We designed a Motion Strip in the shirt, to give you extra freedom.

"Raglan" shoulders that don't cut in. We invented a unique ball-carrying pocket that won't bind. A tuck-in towel to keep your hands dry. We've even made Pro Clothes in great new colors, for extra flash on the court. In fact, we've practically re-invented tennis clothes, from the bottom up! We've even re-invented the price: Shirt, 6.00 Shorts, 10.00

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Shorts: 10.00
Try paying this little and getting this much. It works!

Sports Illustrated

Founded 1895 at 120-121-122

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Some 500 miles apart in California last weekend, two of our writers were covering stories with a common theme. Curry Kirkpatrick was outside San Diego for the tennis spectacular (page 34) that pitted—for promotional purposes, at least—the prestige of Women's Lob, in the person of Margaret Court, against that old male chauvinist hustler, Bobby Riggs.

Such matches, even between celebrated tennis players, are far from new, but in the past they have been little more than curiosities: the women usually submitted to the drubbings they suspected were inevitable, and it took a close follower of the sport to know or care. The Court-Riggs match was a curiosity, too—but every match was curious.

Meanwhile, writer Bill Gilbert was in Hayward, Calif. for the women's intercollegiate track and field championships (page 96): these were noteworthy in that college athletic administrators rarely have deemed such events worthwhile, though their male equivalents have been held for years.

The interest in Court vs. Riggs and this attention to a women's track championship are evidence of the changing scene, in this country, of women's role in sport. As women are taking a more assertive view of their place in society, they are questioning some long-standing attitudes and prejudices about where they belong in the world of athletics, and the consequences are going to be far-reaching and invigorating.

It is a development that comes as no surprise to us. For some time, SI has been increasing its coverage of women's sports, and next week a young sprinter competing in another women's track meet in California is our cover choice for the beginning of a three-part series on women in sport.

The product of seven months of interviewing and investigating, these ar-

ticles will rank among the most meaningful of our journalistic enterprises. The premise of writers Gilbert and Nancy Williamson is one that might seem obvious: girls have as much right to the pleasures of athletic competition as boys, and will gain as much from such competition. But Gilbert himself—who happens to coach a women's track team (SI, Nov. 27, 1967)—a year ago posed this query to his own Fairfield (Pa.) school board: "If half your students are girls, why shouldn't half your athletic budget go to girls' sports?" The school board said the question was silly. Gilbert disagreed, so distinctly that he began the research that led to this forthcoming series.

He and Williamson conducted interviews coast to coast with school administrators, medical authorities, psychologists and student-athletes of all ages. Everywhere they found the issue a provocative one. "Athletic competition builds character in our boys. We do not need that kind of character in our girls," a Connecticut judge recently ruled. "If athletics have a place in the educational program they are as important for girls as boys," answered a Montana high school principal. "Women don't play sports," said a network television executive. "Sports Make Women Sterile, Vatican Avers in Proscription," read an old newspaper headline.

Gilbert's favorite moment came during a session with a fifth-grade class in Grosse Pointe, Mich., where an 11-year-old boy rose and said, "Girls should not play sports because they might get hurt and would not be able to do their homework." To which a female classmate replied, "That gives me a pain in my stomach." Enough said. For now.

Sack

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- You'll study the roles of wind, currents, waves and tides in shaping the seas around us.
- You'll discover the incredible variety of undersea life, and see how it evolved through the ages to the thousands of specialized forms that exist today.
- You'll explore the life cycles of many typical creatures of the sea, and find out how they feed, court, mate and reproduce, defend themselves against predators, and adapt to changing conditions.
- You'll learn about the delicate pyramid of life in the sea, and come to understand how we depend on it for our very existence.

DID YOU KNOW THAT . . .

- The teeth of beavers are always sharp because they have hard enamel faces with softer dentine backs. The dentine wears away faster than the enamel as the animal gnaws away trees, leaving a keen biting edge of enamel as all times. Furthermore, these incisors never stop growing, so the beaver has to chew or grind its teeth continually to keep them ground down to a manageable length.
- Although most stars look whitish to the naked eye, the 25 brightest stars have several different colors including yellow, yellow-white, blue-white, orange and red.
- Albinism, a deficiency of coloring matter in skin, hair and eyes, runs in almost every animal group, including man, where it appears in one out of 20,000 births.
- The development of the modern horse has been traced back some 60 million years from the tall, graceful animal of today to a short-necked creature not much larger than a domestic cat.
- The largest present-day reptile ever measured was found in Bengal—a salt-water crocodile 33 feet long and 13 feet, 8 inches in girth. It weighed more than two tons.

- The loudest insect is the male cicada which pulses its sound-making membrane 7,400 times per second and may be heard for a mile.
- Giant clams (*Tridacna gigas*) can grow as large as 43" long by 29" wide and have been recorded at a weight of 579 pounds.

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MEET THE AUTHOR, Editor of LIFE NATURE LIBRARY



Stanford A. Lee, one of the most respected writers in the fields of nature and natural history, is also the possessor of a lifetime of practical, in-the-field knowledge of ornithology, ornithology and oceanography. Among the best-selling volumes of which he has been author or co-author: *The Cats of Africa, The North and South Seas, The Mating Land*, a study of man's prehistoric ancestors.



Hardcover
8 1/2 by 11 inches
Approximately 190
pages
More than 200
illustrations and
photographs,
many in full color
35,000 words of text
Contain index,
appendix and
bibliography



The introduction to the book, *THE SEA*, says you can read it in *any free* for 10 days. In *you* land your family, will it's cover an astonishing world that has only recently been explored. You will learn how the sea was formed, and why it is changing. See 10 pages of color maps and photographs that show the ocean floor. Read about the strange creatures that inhabit the depths. You'll discover the remarkable potential of the sea for hydroelectric power, weather control, underwater mining, and even aquaculture ("gardening of the sea"). It is a fascinating book, and an important one.





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all-parts warranty
from Chrysler Airtemp,
and most others
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**would you say
our room air conditioners
are 5 times better?
Or 4 times better?**

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Model M14-20

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This warranty also covers the cost of labor for repairing any compressor, condensor, evaporator or inter-connecting tubing found defective within the warranty period provided the unit is returned to an authorized Airtemp repair station.

This warranty does not cover: (1) any charges for removal, transportation or re-installation of the unit or (2) the cost of labor required to replace other parts.

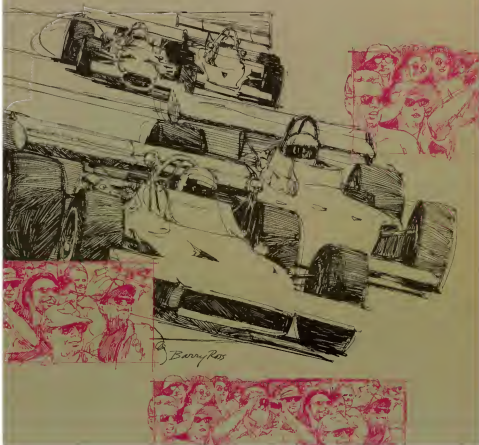
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Airtemp



the crew chief

A special removable ad section
with information and anecdotes
about the Indy "500"



START AN ENGINE AND GET \$14,537

Because his racing car was plagued by a defective magneto—"an alternator with permanent magnets to generate current for the ignition of an internal combustion engine"—a rookie driver named Salt Walther failed to last even one lap in last year's Indianapolis 500 race. But the monetary balm was enough to soothe Salt's wound if not his pride. Just for being one of the 33 qualifiers in the race he received \$14,537. In effect, all he had to do to gain the prize was to start his engine and travel less than a mile before coasting to an infield stop off turn two of the two-and-a-half-mile course.

Walther's experience points up both the hazards and rewards of the world's biggest and richest auto-racing event. The odds against taking the checkered flag at the end of the 500 miles are ponderous. For example: in the last nine years less than 13% of the starters have actually finished the race. In 1967 the only car to complete the 500-mile

circuit was driven by the winner, A. J. Foyt. Foyt's walkover was indicative of the odds of mechanical attrition that beset the fastest cars and the most skillful drivers at Indy. Before he wheeled around to victory Foyt was in what seemed fruitless pursuit of the leading car—a turbine-powered "whooshmobile" piloted by Parnelli Jones. With a little over ten miles to go Jones had what appeared to be an "insurmountable" lead. Then, clunk, a transmission bearing worth about six pounds of butter gave way and the turbine's lead melted like a guttering candle. Foyt breezed home free for his third Indy triumph.

All the racers behind Foyt were "flagged" before they had completed the race. Although nine cars were still running when the winner crossed the finish line, they were called in under a rule which stipulates that "after the winner receives the checkered flag, the race for other positions shall continue in the usual manner for a period of not more than five minutes."

Aside from finishers and those who were flagged, all the rest of the cars since 1964, better than 65% of all the 297 entries, were disabled by accidents or mechanical failure. Of these 45 were

knocked out as result of crashes and collisions, including eleven casualties involved in the start of the 1966 race. Shortly after the green starting flag was flashed and the drivers bore down toward the first turn one car swerved, another pulled over sharply to avoid a wreck and the next instant the track was filled with flying wheels and car parts as the racers skidded and slewed in a hopeless tangle of demolition. Fortunately there were no injuries.

Spectacular as it was, the pileup was really a fluke that was not indicative of the risks Indy drivers normally face. By far, the biggest problem is to keep the cars running and in smooth operating condition at the high speeds generated on the course. That is why 140 cars have been wiped out by mechanical trouble in the last nine years. The cars must withstand enormous pressures of heat and friction to stay in the running. The engines are most vulnerable to wear, particularly the pistons, which must stand up under the force of 40,000 to 45,000 fuel explosions each minute. More cars have been disabled by "burned" pistons than probably any other cause. However, disaster can come from dozens of parts and systems that



break down.

On the following pages are descriptions of the components that are essential to successful racing at Indy.

THE ENGINE:

To construct a racing machine capable of roaring around the Indianapolis track at better than 200 mph, a builder must consider many factors which contribute to the car's overall efficiency. Without proper tires and fuel blends or without finely balanced suspension systems and foil stabilizers, the most powerful engine in the world becomes meaningless in terms of producing a safe and durable ride. However, the engine remains as the heart of a racing car. A typical Indy racing engine, made of aluminum and magnesium alloy parts, weighs about 600 pounds. It functions like a marvelous piston-chambered nautilus to transmit enormous rotary power to the rear driving wheels.

According to specifications set by the United States Auto Club, the governing body which formulates the rules, many



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types of engines may be entered in the 500, including diesels, stock block, rocker arm and two or four cycle designs. However, in recent years practically all the starting cars have been powered by supercharged, rear engine Offenhausen or Fords with a four-cycle overhead camshaft. These precision-machined engines are limited to a maximum piston displacement of 161.796 cubic inches (2,650 cc). They bear little resemblance to the earlier automotive brutes which used to measure up to 800 cubes. Yet they produce enormous power ratios. According to a rule of thumb, each cubic inch in a modern engine produces about six horsepower. Under this formula, that translates into more than 900 horsepower at over 9,000 rpm.

TIRES:

Of all the components that contribute to a racing car's performance, tires would seem to be minor but necessary adjuncts, just like shoes for long distance runners. But in, advances in tire technology have been responsible for a speed increase

at least ten miles per hour. Racing tires bear little resemblance to passenger tires. For one thing, they have no tread or grooving and are called "slicks." The bald surface provides more rubber to come in contact with the roadway and thus gives the wheel better traction at high speeds.

The rear "driving" tires have a tread width of about 15 inches and measure up to more than 17 inches from sidewall to sidewall. Despite their width, racing tires are surprisingly light, weighing less than, say, radial belted passenger tires. Reason is that racing tires are comparatively thin. The depth of the tread is only about one-quarter inch and the sidewalls are a mere one-tenth to one-eighth of an inch in thickness. The rubber, made of special compounds for different driving conditions, is layered on a nylon ply base with a dipping process much like coating a candy apple. Despite their thinness, the tires are remarkably sturdy, and it is not unusual for a driver to complete 500 miles of racing without a change. The right front and rear tires get the most punishment on Indy's left handed turns and if a driver "feels" the rubber is not acting right he can get a tire changed in about 12 seconds.

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Next time you need a windshield, see about a PPG windshield. It doesn't take much time to find the man who will install one. Just look in the Yellow Pages, under Glass. Or write PPG Industries, ARG Sales, One Gateway Center, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15222.

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Turn on The Performance Team.



Hi Jackers® for the rear. The big air-adjustable shock that's famous for adding extra muscle for better traction, faster acceleration. Hi Jackers fill as easily as a tire. And with a Gabriel Dual Custom Kit installation, you can even compensate for engine torque.

Striders™ for the front (or rear). Heavy-duty Striders take you through curves flat and fast. With virtually no dip, no fade, no wheel bounce. You'll get greater control, better handling when you need it most. Striders may be adjusted for the way you drive. There's Regular, Firm, Or Extra Firm for those who drive extra hard. Now, you can turn it on.

Gabriel®
The shocking difference

FUEL:

Indy racing cars burn up fuel in enormous amounts. At speeds of over 200 mph the refined, turbo-charged power plants gulp the volatile liquid at a rate of about one gallon for every mile and a half they travel around the track. At this high rate a car will have consumed nearly 500 gallons or about a ton and a quarter of fuel by the time 200 laps have been completed. The weight of the fuel is almost 1000 pounds more than the weight of the car alone. Given an equivalent amount of gasoline a small, stock passenger car could be driven from New York to the West Coast and back again.

Because of the increased demands today's racing engines the rules have been changed to raise the fuel supply for each car in its storage pit tank from 250 gallons to 275 gallons. This allotment is in addition to the maximum 70 gallons a car carries in its fuel tanks at the start of the race. Each car must make four mandatory pit stops for refuelling. Last year two drivers, Mario Andretti and Dick Simon, simply ran out of fuel and had to park their cars.

Contrary to popular conception, the fuel that powers the typical Indy racer is not gasoline. It is an alcohol-based blend (methanol) that is a slower-burning mixture than ordinary high-octane passenger car fuel. The reason: methanol blends reduce the probability of heat-buildup in the piston chamber, especially when supercharged air is forced into the carburetion system to cause uneven "firing." When this happens, the explosive detonation can literally "burn" a hole in the piston.

WINGS:

Without doubt, the newest development in racing car technology has been the introduction of air foils. Better known as stabilizers or wings, these wedge-shaped protrusions are devices that give an Indy car the appearance of a hammerhead shark about to zoom into flight. Actually, they are aerodynamically designed to create downward draft pressure that helps "glue" the car wheels closer to the track road-bed and thus produce greater traction and stability, especially on the slightly-banked (nine-degree) turns at the Indianapolis Speedway.

Unlike a plane wing, which "spoils" flowing air to create an uplifting vacuum, the car wing induces a reverse effect, promoting a negative downward thrust. But the effect can be overdone. Last year, one team of newly-designed racers had dihedral, 45-degree wings mounted amidships in addition to the standard fore and aft foils. Experiments prior to the race showed that while they acted efficiently on the turns they tended to produce a "dragging" effect on the straightaways. The dihedral wings were summarily clipped.

But there is no question among designers and builders of Indy racing cars that wing stabilizers, properly angled and fitted, make a significant plus in terms of added speed. Some say they add up to more than ten miles an hour per lap. It's a sure bet that all the cars competing in this year's race will have some form of stabilizers, securely bolted and fixed prior to the start of the race.

SUSPENSION

There are about 3000 different interacting components that contribute to the performance of a racing car. In the preceding pages the functions of engines, tires, fuel and stabilizers have been described. But of all the elements that make up a successful Indy machine the suspension system is probably the most critical engineering factor and the one least understood by the average spectator. To most people suspension is regarded as a mysterious combination of spring and coil devices serving to produce a smooth, comfortable ride. To a racing driver, those devices, including torsion and antiway bars, are indispensable parts that help ensure a level, roadholding ride.

His comparatively light machine, about 1500 pounds, is subjected at 200 mph speeds to highly sensitive factors that can rob him of stability and power. Every bounce and jounce, every swerve and sway that takes the car off true "tracking" means a loss of important split seconds. It is the chief mechanic's job to adjust or "set" the suspension system according to the driver's steering sense and the condition of the course. Often the adjustment is measured in fractions of inches to promote speeds that add a hundred yards per lap to a car's capability.

The fineness of the suspension setting or tuning is best illustrated by the technique of cambering. By the process the wheels are suspended in a toed-in angle of about one-eighth of an inch to produce maximum gripping traction.

THE DRIVER:

On the previous pages the mechanical and physical elements that constitute a top-notch racing machine have been assessed in terms of their importance to successful performance. But the human element still remains as the biggest factor. Specifically, that means the driver, the man who makes the judgments on the track. He is a special breed of athlete with special skills and courage and concentration. He must have a sense of daring to make split-second decisions in hairy situations.

However, all the boldness and determination in the world won't bring him victory unless he has the driving skill to carry out his desires. Parnelli Jones, a former winner of the 500 and now a top racing car sponsor, claims that talent is the most essential requisite of an Indianapolis driver, followed by determination or the will to win. He maintains that most races are won on the turns where the driver must maneuver at top speeds to gain a favorable position for passing other cars. The driver who comes out of the turns the fastest gains a big advantage, but within reasonable limits of safety. The Indy driver has many self-guarding devices to protect him, including flame-resistant coveralls, cross-webbed safety belts and a helmet that is sturdier than a football player's headgear. This year an extra fire protection system will be available. This is an automatic device which pumps in foam inside the driver's suit in case of fire. Tests have proved that the pressurized foam gives him a leeway of up to two minutes to evacuate the car.





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Greatest name in the great outdoors for lanterns, stoves, coolers, jugs, heaters, tents and sleeping bags.



The preceding special 8 page Advertising Insert contains a wealth of facts about Championship Race Cars.

We hope you'll pull out this section, read it and use it to enhance your enjoyment of the 57th Indy "500", May 28, 1973.



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Like the available reclining passenger seat, shown left, that independently adjusts up and back. Sink back into this sumptuous seat and watch the world go by.

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Chevrolet



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To be awarded annually to driver of fastest single lap during Indy 500 time trials.

Who led the most laps at Indy in 1972? Gary Bettenhausen, Quicksilver Man.

Gary set the pace for 136 laps at Indy last May and he also sets the pace all season off the track with fashion slacks and coordinates. "After being cooped up in a race car for 3 hours, you sure appreciate the freedom and comfort of Quicksilver Knits! For fit, fashion and comfort, they can't be beat." See them at your Silver/Gulf Stream retailer today.

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BOOKTALK

Can you do better than *'The Best of Sports Illustrated'*? Not very easily.

TO PUT worst things first, the physical presentation of this selection of pieces from *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* does not seem to me to do the magazine justice—the reproduction of black and white photographs, for example, is poor. But there is good news. Like the admirable *Forensic Book* of football, baseball, tennis, etc., *The Best of Sports Illustrated 1* (Little, Brown and Company, \$12.50) proves again that superb writing can come of the games people play. Sportswriting has been an authentic art for quite a long while, going back in modern times to such scribes as William Harlin (on the death of a wizard fires player), or Frank Walton, who knew about fishing, and proceeding to some marvelous reporting by, among others, Westbrook Pegler, A. J. Liebling, John Lardner, Red Smith, W. C. Heinz and Joe Palmer—whose horse racing stuff showed more than a touch of the poet. All the same, sportswriting used to be, for the most part, pure hackwork, and I feel that the fact that it eventually improved was due, certainly in part, to the influence of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. At its best the magazine has served as a model for something far superior even to first-rate sportswriting. This is first-rate writing about people who play sports, and, as has been observed, all good writing is about people.

In one way or another all the pieces in this anthology are about people. All sorts of people. People who strike one as driven by demons, like Frank Deford's female Jockey Robin Smith, or who come across as thoroughly likable and forthright, as does his golden boy, Pete Dawkins. People as violent as William F. Reed's University of Minnesota basketball players and others as violent and fanatical as the killers in Jerry Kirshenbaum's and Kenny Moore's accounts of the tragedy at Munich. People as indestructible as Hazel Wightman, Author Melvin Maddocks' original little old lady in tennis shoes and others as sad and evocative as William Johnson's aging Olympians, or those obsessed by the inconsequential, as are the men in Ron Fimrite's piece on trivia. Finally there is Tex Maule's irresistibly readable article about his massive heart attack, an excerpt from his *Running Scared*, to me the most disgracefully neglected book of 1972.

But it is not enough to let it go with the judgment that there is writing of an awfully high order in *The Best of Sports Illustrated*. There is also the sense of discovery at coming upon a Kenny Moore, the Olympic marathon runner who, as it turns out, was like a dream. And there is the fact that, preposterously enough, some of these pieces were done under the pressure of imminent deadlines. Remarkable.

GEORGE FRAGER

If you buy the wrong steel belted radials, you'll be reminded of it for 40,000 miles.



No matter which steel belted radials you buy, you'll be getting tires that will probably last 40,000 miles. Tires that are tough enough to drive over nails and spikes. Tires that can even be driven over axe blades. And keep on going.

But building a tire that can take all this punishment is easy. All it takes is steel. The hard part is putting something as rigid as steel into a tire in such a way that you still get good handling and a smooth quiet ride out of it.

At Pirelli, we've developed a tire that solves this problem.

The Cinturato CN-75.

The CN-75 is good for 40,000 miles, and can take just as much punishment as any other steel belted radial. The difference lies in the way we put it together. We know that a tire can't ride smoothly if its belt is too stiff and rigid. So we found a way to make our steel belts more flexible. We use what we call "Trac Steel 21". What this means is that each of the

CN-75's steel cords consists of 21 individual strands. More than any other tire uses.

Once we found this new kind of steel cord, we discovered a new way of putting it into the tire. The result is a unique combination of "Trac Steel 21" and rayon which provides all the strength and protection of steel without sacrificing a quiet comfortable ride.

In developing a tire that will do all this, we discovered one more thing. It's very difficult to make. So we don't take any chances. Every single CN-75 is completely X-ray inspected. Because we know it even the slightest thing is wrong with a steel belted radial, the effect it could have on your car will be more than slight.

You'll probably get 40,000 miles out of any steel belted radial. But the kind of miles they turn out to be depends on which steel belted radials you decide to buy.

PIRELLI

**All the advantages of a steel belted radial
without the disadvantages.**

Pirelli Cinturato CN-75 tires are guaranteed to have an original tread life of 40,000 miles. Breakdown credit is calculated at a Pirelli agent, equal to percent of gross mileage not delivered multiplied by National Price at time of adjustment, based upon percentage of the original guarantee. Tires to authorized Pirelli Dealers by original purchaser. This must be used on American built passenger vehicle listed on guarantee form as a normal run or normal service within continental U.S. (excluding Alaska). In the event of vehicle and its retention guarantee, CN-75 must be mounted in full sets or pairs (on new sales and balance). They must not be abused, run flat or underinflated, used on a vehicle out of alignment or with defective shocks, bushes or similar defects. Pirelli Cinturato CN-75 tires are also guaranteed against defects in workmanship and materials and against road hazards. Credit or refund based on tread depth remaining.

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SCORECARD

Edited by MARTIN KANE

HIGH COST OF PLAYING

Athletes do eat rather more heartily than most of us and the effect, complicated by soaring food costs and other inflationary factors, is beginning to tell on college sports budgets. In particular, athletic directors at Penn State, Pitt, Dickinson and Bucknell are concerned, especially since Department of Agriculture officials in Washington have indicated that food prices will increase 10% overall for 1973, the biggest jump since 11% was posted in 1951.

Penn State submitted its 1973-74 food budget for athletics in February. Now it must amend its estimates. "Not only are food costs going up, but hotel prices, equipment and everything else associated with athletics is continuing to rise," Edward M. Czekaj, State's athletic director, explained. "Without our TV or bowl game income we would be in a deficit financial position right now."

Last year Penn State's training-table costs for varsity sports was \$77,400, an increase of \$7,400 over the previous year. The figure did not include food expenses on the road.

"With the rising cost factor I think you'll see most of the small colleges returning to intramural and club sports," Czekaj predicted. "I don't see how they can survive with varsity sports."

Robert A. Latour, Bucknell's athletic director, advanced the suggestion that small colleges near Bucknell enter into a cooperative program for the purchase of meat, which could be bought more cheaply in quantity and then stored in freezers.

"There are ways to try and keep costs down," Latour said. "For instance, for a game against Colgate we could leave at 5 o'clock on a Friday instead of 3:30. This would allow us to have the evening meal at home, rather than pay hotel prices."

In the somber opinion of Casimir Mysliński, athletic director at Pitt, smaller colleges will be "forced to chop some sports programs." "One morning they'll

wake up and find they have more intramural sports than varsity and revert strictly to intramural programs," he said.

"PLAY THE PIPE LOWLY"

It's a rare sports movie that gets a nickel for Hollywood, largely because it is so difficult, the moviemakers think, to make a woman an interesting figure in a picture about a fight, a football game, or most especially a baseball season. Yet, female interest or no, good sports movies are possible. *Reggie* from a *Heavyweight* comes to mind and so does *Golden Boy*. There have been others.

Now there is one more. It is called *Bang the Drum Slowly*, based on Mark Harris' novel about a baseball catcher who is dying of Hodgkin's disease but persists in playing out his season. No one will admit that he is dying, least of all the catcher. In due course others learn of his sickness and rally to protect him, to prolong for no matter how short a time, his participation in the sport he loves.

It sounds sentimental and, of course, it is. But the movie treats it all with wonderful restraint. Nothing sloppy intrudes. It will be well worth seeing when it comes your way this summer.

THERE'S GOLD IN THEM WHEELS

Mike Maaranen of the Amateur Bicycle League of America is considered an expert in cycling bylaws and is certified to act as the final rules authority at meets all over the world. He is not unlike many amateur officials, however, who turn a deaf ear and a blind eye to the professionalism that abounds in their particular sports.

"Our rules are tied to the International Olympic Committee, like those of most other amateur sports, and we are bound to at least say we enforce them whether we do or not," says Maaranen. "It is quite obvious to everyone that the rules are being broken. Prize money is given, expense money is given, athletes are subsidized by governments. To me an amateur is someone who doesn't make a

living from his sport. But even by that standard there are five or six riders in each of the 10 or 12 top cycling countries who probably wouldn't qualify."

Maaranen says the International Cycling Union will act against professionalism "only when it is forced to. Besides, no one has anything to gain by making a big issue of the undercover stuff, because everyone is involved. The only mandatory penalty is a 30-day suspension."

Amateur cycling rules allow room, hoard, transportation and a modest per diem (\$5 a day at the recent Grand Prix of the United States), but cash prizes and appearance money are supposed to be no-no's. In reality, the top cyclists can make several hundred dollars just by showing up at a big meet, and several wins might put their take in four figures. Even at that, no amateur cyclist is getting rich. "It's money for a stereo or something like that," says one Olympic gold medalist, "not anything you could live off of year-round."

TRAIL OF THE GRAIL

One of the oldest of sporting trophies is hockey's Holy Grail, the Stanley Cup, which goes back to 1893. In prestige it ranks with the Davis Cup, first presented in 1900, and those horse racing trophies, the Woodlawn Vase and the Queen's Plate, both first presented in 1860.

Recently a \$25,000 replica of the Stanley Cup has been transported from Toronto to Chicago to Montreal and back to Chicago in the custody of Maurice (Lefty) Reid, curator of the Hockey Hall of Fame. Even the replica (the original is securely ensconced in the Hall of Fame in Toronto) is a treasure and Reid carted it about in the trunk of his automobile as the playoffs progressed. Safer there, he says.

"I don't fly it," Reid explains, "because I feel more certain when it's in my car. Baggage gets lost too often on airplanes for my liking. I like to know where it is at all times."

There was sometimes a bit of difficulty at the U.S.-Canadian border.

"If the customs officials were hockey fans, I got through in a few minutes," Reid said. "If not, it could take up to three quarters of an hour. It makes a difference whether it's going into a country to stay, for presentation, or just for a few days. It can send the customs men lea-

continued

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A gentle touch, a muted sound, an instantaneous
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1. When you press the automatic switch button, it discharges the capacitor in which the battery-supplied voltage is stored. Instantly, the tiny transformer boosts the voltage and sparks it across the burner valve. A sure light results.

2. The 15 volt battery* supplies the power for the electronic circuit.

3. This is the Butane storage tank. When the switch button is pressed, it also opens the Butane burner valve to emit gas, which ignites instantaneously. Release the switch button and the light extinguishes.

Battery provides up
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Finger-tip adjustable flame.



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Fuels with Ronson Multi-Fill®
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Packaged
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Your choice of
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To make it extraordinarily accurate, we began with a tiny crystal of quartz.

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The micro-computer system serves as the brain of the watch, to control its accuracy. If, for any reason, this accuracy should vary, the micro-computer system readjusts and restores the watch to its programmed accuracy. And the TIMEX Quartz Watch is engineered to be as rugged and dependable as you expect a TIMEX to be. The watch has an

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At \$80 the TIMEX Quartz Watch is a tribute to American leadership in automation and electronic technology.

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†We recommend genuine TIMEX Energy Cells. Other cells not meeting Timex specifications may cause a malfunction.

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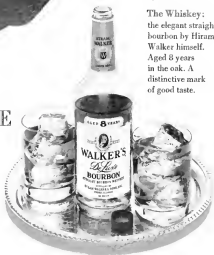


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2.



3.



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9.

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Now it's Mac and Mac Again



MAC, YOUR FRIENDLY 24-HOUR BANKER



MAC AGAIN

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Last year, Mac I and Mac II handled more business than any other two 24-hour bankers in the country. (Mac II works at LaSalle's Walk-in, Drive-in Facility, 335 West Jackson.)

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That's why Mac Again is now working at Mac's side in the main lobby of the LaSalle Bank Building, 135 South LaSalle Street. (Mac Again is Mac's first cousin. His real name is Melvin, but he hates it.)

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If you owned your own distillery, you wouldn't mind spending a little extra time and money to make a truly prime Bourbon.

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You might even call your Bourbon Prime. For it surely would be.

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OLD FITZGERALD

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ing through their book for quite some time." Reid's system was sound. The cup was on hand in Chicago when Montreal won it Thursday night.

Another hockey trophy, the World Cup—donated by Avco Corporation to the World Hockey Association—was not present when the New England Whalers defeated the Winnipeg Jets for the WHA championship at Boston Garden. It is still being built. So Ted Green, Whaler defenseman and captain, had to parade around the Garden ice with the unnamed cup given to the Whalers when they won the divisional championship.

BACKYARD FISHERMAN

There are anglers of means who rent planes and fly to faraway places to charter fast boats and expensive guides in search of record fish in virgin waters. Rick Wotring, a young junior high school physics teacher in St. Petersburg, Fla., does not have that kind of money.

What he has is an open 16-foot boat he built himself and tackle that Abercrombie & Fitch would not deign to sell. What he also has is probably a world-record tarpon—218 pounds of fighting fury that is 7'1" long and measures 44 inches around the midsection.

Wotring took his silver king in the busy channel of Tampa Bay. He was using 60-pound-test line, and for bait had a pinfish that he had frozen after some futile efforts on the previous day. His tarpon jumped only twice, once clear out of the water and in plain sight of motorists on nearby Bayshore Boulevard. Wotring boated him in 40 minutes.

The International Game Fish Association said Wotring's prize is as yet an unofficial record for tarpon taken on 60- to 80-pound-test line, but when approved it will top a 214-pounder caught in 1953 off Lagos, Nigeria, which is a faraway place indeed.

Taxidermy costs being what they are, Wotring had a certain hesitancy about having his fish mounted. But Al Pfeuger, eminent among taxidermists, offered him "a great price," and parents of kids he teaches are rounding up the money as a sort of appreciation for what he has done for their youngsters.

LET THEM EAT ICE CREAM

To celebrate National Nutrition Week, Indian schoolchildren of Bethel, Alaska have chipped in \$500 to have a cow flown in from a dairy in Palmer, Alaska—the

first cow ever to be seen in Bethel. The idea is to teach the kids to drink milk, or something.

The trouble with this notion is that most Alaskan Indians and Eskimos have had little or no experience with cow's milk and would seem to need none.

The Bethel project reminded an old Alaska hand, our own Dolly Connelly, of a similar experiment in the remote Siberian Eskimo village of Savoonga on St. Lawrence Island. Dolly got there just in time to observe the week's lessons in the village school. Subject: the seven basic foods and the vital necessity of including them in a proper nutritional program. Blackboards were covered with large pictures of fresh strawberries, oranges, butter, beef, eggs, asparagus, lettuce, carrots, whole grains and such stuff, plus instruction on how to milk a cow. The children were required to memorize the nutritional benefits of all these foods,



though none of them had ever seen them or were likely to.

What they did and do eat are seabird eggs, gathered from cliffs of the Kookooslikt Mountains in the nesting season, but all the rest of the foods were totally incomprehensible to children whose diet revolves seasonally around walrus meat, Arctic char, dried cormorants and puffins, seal grease, seaweeds and, for a brief season, sour, wild cranberries. No cow's milk.

OMINOUS

Add swimming to your list of endangered Olympic species. If the IOC gets its way, swimming will be a watered-down affair at the 1976 Games, and there is even a possibility that there won't be any swimming at Montreal at all.

The International Olympic Swimming Committee and the International Swimming Federation (FINA) are at odds over the importance of swimming as an Olympic sport. The IOC wants to eliminate 12 events, and the Olympic committee in Montreal wants to reduce the seating capacity at the swim stadium to 5,000. FINA says, through its president, Dr. Harold Henning of Naperville, Ill., "We are discriminated against. We don't want to go backward. They haven't shown us that they are serious even about wanting us at the Olympics. I have indicated, and 600 coaches around the world agree with me, that we would rather pull out than give up a number of events."

Dr. Henning is planning to present a protest by FINA at a meeting of the executive committee of the IOC in Lausanne on June 23.

In 1936 the Germans seated 20,000 around the pool, but in Tokyo in 1964 the seating capacity was 18,000, in Mexico in 1968 it was 16,000, and in Munich last year it was about 10,000—with all seats sold out a year in advance. During the Games, tickets were scalped for as much as \$200 apiece. Montreal's projected aquatic complex physically limits the seats to 5,000. "Swimming will just have to be happy with 5,000," Technical Director Pierre Charbonneau said.

THEY SAID IT

• Pete Newell, general manager of the Los Angeles Lakers, asked if he would be interested in drafting some of the rugged Russian Olympic basketball players: "No, I don't think so, but the Rams might."

• Bob Waligunda, balloonist, on why he enjoys the sport: "Flying in a balloon is so totally irrelevant and beautiful. You don't know where you are going until you get there."

• Bob Hope, on Lamar Hunt's manifold sports interests: "Let's see, Lamar, you are big in football, tennis, basketball, and even soccer. Have you thought about marbles?"

• Joe Duff, Naval Academy baseball coach, on why he kept his selection of his team's pitcher secret for an exhibition game against the Baltimore Orioles: "If I had told one of our pitchers he would be pitching to Earl Williams, Boog Powell, Merv Rettenmund *et al.*, he probably wouldn't have gotten any sleep the rest of the week."

END

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Sports Illustrated
MAY 21, 1973

MOTHER'S DAY Ms.



MATCH

Surely it was something less than the "Match of the Century in the Battle Between the Sexes," as Bobby Riggs kept shrieking, and something more than "a bit of a Sunday hit," as Margaret Court was wont to say. But the marvelous thing about the Court-Riggs tennis match that flimflammed its way into the hearts of America on Mother's Day was that nobody knew exactly what it was.

It was tennis, of course, but was it sport? It was fun, to be sure, but was it more than just a game? In fact, who were Bad Bob (*see cover*) and Mighty Maggie? Were they Rhett and Scarlett? Norman and Germaine? Sonny and Cher? And was Ramona, Calif. Granada they saw, or only Asbury Park?

Indeed, there was so much Hollywood and psychology and Madison Avenue and sociology, so much Barnum & Bailey and Esalen and New Journalism and Old Frontier; so many Rolls-Royces and rattlesnakes and male chauvinist pigs and flaming lady libbers; and so many hundreds of tumbling dice and Mickey Mice scampering around the place that it is a wonder Court and Riggs surfaced long enough to carry out the thing.

But when they did, the event finally transcended all of the spectacular nonsense and somehow nestled itself at the very core of the human relationship. Before the match began he presented her with roses. She curtsied and gave off the hint of a blush. After all was said and done, this really was a man against a woman.

The fact that it also was a junk-hitting, scrambling old retriever of \$5 against a powerful 30-year-old serve-and-volley advocate at the peak of her career supposedly made it equal. And the fact that Riggs—with his vast assortment of garbage shots, shrewd use of pace and spin and unholy barrage of what Pancho Segura called "cotton balls"—beat Court 6-2, 6-1, made it stimulating. But the result settled little. It does not mean that women's tennis is a fraud, that Chris Evert should switch to darning sweat socks. Nor does it mean that Billie Jean King should be arrested for disturbing the peace and be paid lower wages than Stan

Smith. And it certainly does not mean that any creaky old cadaver with a drop shot can beat any strong young thing in a skirt 25 years his junior. (Could even Bad Bob himself, say, repeat his victory four out of seven, NBA style?)

What the match did establish was that Robert Larrimore Riggs, a bespectacled, ferret-faced, squeaky-voiced little gentleman of leisure who had worked long and hard for this moment, had finally done it. He had gone and pulled off the finest pure hustle in the modern history of American sport.

It was almost as if Riggs had picked his spot, too, as if he had realized two years ago when he began his shrill shilling about man vs. woman that, when it caught on, he should be ready to play and in the most romantically obscure setting possible. So it was that he beckoned television and radio and newspapers and magazines and gamblers and goldbricks and princes and paupers and stars of stage, screen and cassette and promoters of everything from copper bracelets to vitamin pills ("How about Bobby Riggs senior citizen support stockings?" he said) to a place called San Diego Country Estates.

They all came, too. Into the orange groves of the San Vicente Valley, over the Cuyamaca mountains, through the Barona Ranch Indian reservation and Wildcat Canyon, where narcotics smugglers from Mexico still make midnight air drops and, finally, to just outside dusty Ramona, which had not seen such excitement since last summer when the temperature leveled off at 117°, and all the chickens died. If Bryan and Darrow could settle the question of the evolution of man in Dayton, Tenn., Court and Riggs could do the same for women in Ramona, Calif.

The game of tennis had never seen anything like it. There had been countless matches between men and women players of quality before, but few were officially sanctioned and the results—almost always favoring the men—were sketchily recorded. As teen-agers in the 1930s, for example, Jack Kramer and Bill Talbot defeated Alice Marble. Prior to

continued

The Battle of the Sexes was a debacle for the dame as Bobby Riggs used his cuts and twists and turns of phrase to give poor Margaret Court the runaround in the great hustle at Ramona **by CURRY KIRKPATRICK**

that, Bill Tilden played Suzanne Lenglen and beat her easily. Then there was Pauline Betz Addie, who claimed that Tilden could crush her when he was 50 but that, when Big Bill turned 55, she could beat him. More recently, Billie Jean King played former Davis Cupper Gene Scott (29 at the time) after being spotted 10 points in a 21-point pro set. She lost 21-17. But none of these matches had the drama, intrigue and importance of Court-Riggs in Ramona.

Originally, Riggs, claiming that women were receiving too much attention and money, issued his challenge to King, "the sex leader of the revolutionary pack," as he calls her. "If she can't beat a tired old man," he said, "she doesn't deserve half her dough." When King declined, Court, the regal Australian who has won more Big Four titles than any player—man or woman—stepped in. In the three months since the terms of the match were announced—Riggs would put up his \$5,000, the resort development \$5,000, winner take all, and television would pay off everybody concerned in bushel baskets—Riggs kept talking and Court kept winning (10 of the 12 Virginia Slims tournaments; over \$82,000 in prize money)

and both in their fashion hyped the game.

Though to most women she had become a living, breathing crusade more fervid than the meat boycott, Court rejected deep meanings in the match. "I am not carrying the banner for women's lib," she said. "I've never said we deserve prize money equal to the men. I'm playing this match for me. A woman is not supposed to beat a man, so I've nothing to lose."

But some of her sisters on the tour were not so sure. "Why should we have to justify ourselves against an old, obnoxious has-been like Riggs who can't hear, can't see, walks like a duck and is an idiot besides?" said Rosie Casals in a spontaneous burst of diplomacy. King suggested Court wear "psychedelic ear plugs" to combat Riggs' jabbering and admitted, "If Margaret loses, we're in trouble. I'll have to challenge him myself."

Meanwhile Riggs was training diligently. He jogged, cut down on starches, cigars and alcohol and stuffed his face with a staggering 415 vitamin pills every day in what he called a "rejuvenation process." One friend said, "If the pills work, by Sunday Riggs will be four years old."



For his opening bit of gamesmanship, Bobby

In addition, Riggs was in a heaven come hell of his own making. Overnight he had become a symbol of female hatred and the leading chauvinist in 50 states plus Canada (50,000 "Bobby Riggs Bitch" buttons were manufactured in Toronto). But he loved it. He was prancing and dancing in the limelight.

After all, this is a man whose finest hours in tennis—Wimbledon and U.S. champion in 1959—have paled beside his subsequent exploits at the gaming tables and his renowned skill at trickery. He has proudly hustled golf, Ping-Pong, dominoes, pool, craps, backgammon, gin rummy and marbles. On the court, he has played for huge stakes while buttoning an overcoat, running around chairs, lifting a bucket of water, holding a suitcase, wearing an eye patch with his arm in a sling and tugging a poodle on a leash. He has won and lost kings' ransoms many times over. The only stories he denies are that at birth his opening line was "Wanna bet?" and that he once played a set while clinging to an elephant.

But past adventures were merely preparation for the Court match. Indeed, probably his entire life cycle has been one long rehearsal for Ramona.

"Look at all these telephone messages," Riggs would crow every day in his strange, machine-gun staccato. "This match is unbelievable. The eyes and ears of the world are on me. I am the greatest money player in history. I am the finest

Between games Court and Coach Van der Meer ponder ways to liberate her from her slump





courted Margaret with Mother's Day roses.

of wanting lightweight balls that finally Court, who had been practicing in Berkeley with heavy ones, agreed *in absentia* to a coin flip. Riggs, with face straight, called it the "Flip of the Century" and then proceeded to lose it.

When Court finally arrived at the site 48 hours before the match Riggs greeted her warmly. As photographers swarmed around, he edged closer and began his routine. Whispering, chattering, he played to the crowd while talking to Margaret, her husband Barry and even their 14-month-old son Danny.

"Psych the kid out, Bobby baby," shouted a PR guy. Court barely smiled at any of it. Riggs continued his patter and tweaked cheeks all around. Danny stuck out his tongue.

"Do you realize, Margaret, that this is the most important match ever played? Just think how many women are counting on you," said Riggs.

"Get off it, luv," said Court.

Most observers anticipated a close-tussle, with Riggs pulling out all his tricks to upset Court's concentration and to zero in on her shaky nerves. "I don't want him hacking me around," she said. "But he can't be up to too much mischief or he'll make a fool of himself. On the other hand, maybe that's the idea."

Court's Sunday, Hustling Sunday, began with Danny Court throwing his mother's tennis shoe in the toilet, and deteriorated from there. In an ironic contest, where the woman was supposed to hit like a man and the man like a woman, Court seemed altogether bewildered, a lamb lost.

Beset by jitters, confused by Riggs' mixing of lobs, drops and slices, she fell apart in the beginning and never regained her composure. She connected on only 18 of 37 first serves, a shocking figure. She made 10 return errors against a serve that came up like a watermelon. And her forehand, which Riggs attacked throughout, seemed punch-drunk.

From the time Riggs, wearing a visor and miming around like an aging Peter Pan, swept the first three games with the loss of only four points, the match dwindled into an embarrassment. Riggs reached into his "psych bag" just once—on the third point of the day—when he blooped a serve that looked as if it should be arrested for loitering. Court smacked it back for a winner, but it was one of her few solid shots and the ploy possibly shook her just enough to be effective.

Afterward, Court said she lost her rhythm early, and with it all confidence. "I didn't expect so many soft shots," she said. "We girls don't play like that."

Riggs paid tribute to Court's "sportsmanship" and babbled on for nearly an hour about the consequences of the match and his future. Some of it was even coherent.

"I'm like a fire horse when the alarm goes off in a battle against a woman," he said. "Don't ever count me out. Now I want King bad. I'll play her on clay, grass, wood, cement, marble or roller skates. We got to keep this sex thing going. I'm a woman specialist now. I'm going around the world to challenge all the woman champions. England, France, Czechoslovakia, everywhere. Me against them, sex battles. I've found a whole different life."

Whether he knew it or not, Bobby Riggs also had created a brand new term—Male Chauvinist Hustler. **END**



Duke Wayne hands Riggs his hustler's tee.

defensive player in the game. Margaret is the biggest hitter of the girls. What a match! Nobody has a clue how it will go. The mystery of the age. What a deal!"

Later, in a fascinating new requirer filled with all sorts of Freudian implications, Riggs angrily announced that he was playing the match out of dislike for women; that women destroyed men's egos and that he would "get back at all of them right here in beautiful San Diego Country Estates." Behind such ranting lurked an interesting history of women in his life.

As a youngster, Riggs' two most significant tennis instructors were women. He has been married and divorced twice. There is no record of his ever lacking for female companionship during his travels around the tennis globe. And last week his only daughter, 19-year-old Dolly, flew in from Florida to be constantly at his side.

Speculation grew each day as to how much Riggs had bet on the match—and, not entirely in jest, which side his money was on—but all he would say is, "I have a few customers stashed away."

A true hustler always controls his odds, naturally, and Riggs did his best to attribute all advantages to the enemy side. They were playing on Mother's Day. The surface was hard cement, better for Court to crash her dynamite power game at him. And what else? Ah, the balls. Riggs made such a production

THE DEADLY WRATH OF OLD MAN INDY

Like an ogre guarding a mountaintop, the Speedway again summoned up its fearsome tricks to stand off racing's newest assault on 200 mph—this time snuffing out a driver's life in the process **by ROBERT F. JONES**

If a racetrack can be characterized in human terms, the Indianapolis Motor Speedway is mean and unforgiving. Perhaps it is like an ogre, the ultimate dirty old man, proudly and nastily guarding his domain. Last week, threatened with an attempted violation of his privacy, Old Indy showed just how mean he could be. Not only did he fend off the would-be violators, he killed one of them—a fine human being named Art Pollard who happened to be a racing driver.

The attempted violation was one of those number-things that fine human beings concern themselves with—this time



the 200-mph barrier at Indy. Actually, 200 is a rather unimposing number. Jetliners and rockets go much faster all the time, and even so cheap an item as an assassin's bullet is quicker by far. But Old Indy was jealous of the magic number 200.

Racing drivers, those impudent pipsqueaks, had already gone past 200. They had done it at the expense of high-rolling Texas World Speedway and to impecunious Ontario Motor Speedway in California. Now they planned to try the same trip on the Speedway, which didn't like the idea one little bit. After all, the



Blasted apart in a crash, Art Pollard's car is removed while nearby tower's wind sock indicates why it happened.

old man carries the names of 34 victims on his bloodstained record, each of them commemorating in its wicked way the passing of a good, tough driver.

And now Old Indy had it all figured out. He had his defensive weapons of long years—his hard, unforgiving wall, his coarse pavement that sucks up oil and rubber and soon becomes a skid row, and the winds that he could call up at a moment's notice to blow cars into perdition. Beyond all of that, he had the best of weapons: time was on his side. "Ain't no way," he growled to himself, "that they can get ready in time. No way they can set their wings and tweak their engines high enough. Not without the price going way up."

The goal was 45 seconds—three quarters of a silly little minute to wheel around the 2½-mile oval. Work it out: 200 mph. The math wizards grabbed their handheld computers and started playing progression games. It was 1919 when the 100-mph barrier was broken for the first time, by the French driver René Thomas in a Napoleonic-blue Ballot Roadster. Legend has it that Barney Oldfield turned a lap of 102.6 mph back in 1914 in a Christie car with only 1,500 cc. of engine displacement. But that fact was never confirmed, and Thomas' lap speed during qualifying of 104.70 mph stands as the first official century lap. "He went into the No. 1 turn at a speed that made spectators gasp for breath," wrote one newspaper reporter of the day, "and electrified his fellow drivers." Considering the skinny tires of the period and the high, unstable chassis of those horseless carriages, it was indeed quite a feat—and it was not until 43 years later, in 1962, that the next meaningful increment was attained. Rufus Parnell Jones slammed his Willard Battery Special around the Brickyard in a shade less than a minute to break the 150 mph barrier.

Now, only 11 years later, the big 200 was in sight. Thus the progression ran. Working it out, the math freaks figured that by 2:59 a.m. of Sept. 29, 1977 an Indy car would crack the sound barrier. A lap or so later it would reach the speed of light. Absurd, of course, a simple numbers game. Parnelli had the right response. Advised of this mathematical truism over breakfast one morning, he squinted hard and grumped: "Yeah, but if USAC has its way they'll change the rules. Never happen."

As for the first 200, as boss of the Su-

continued



Inside: Saddened by his friend's death but willing to roll on, Johnny Rutherford won the pole

per Team (Al Unser, Mario Andretti, Joe Leonard), Parnelli was as likely a manager as any to achieve the goal. After all, Andretti had turned laps in excess of 210 at the Texas World Speedway, and had pushed close to 200 at Indy itself back in March, when the weather was cool and the track still "green." But Indy in May is another whole, weird world—a killer ribbon of asphalt that bends around on itself and scares drivers and watchers alike. And there was a good, practical, economic reason that the 200 would remain elusive: "An Offenhauser engine costs \$31,000," Jones said. "Last year they were blowing like popcorn. This year they aren't."

What he meant was that no racer who could balance a checkbook was nuts enough to squeeze his engine to the breaking point this early in the expensive contest. Roger Penske, whose driver, Mark Donohue, won the 500 last year, summed it up succinctly during practice one afternoon. "The name of the game is defense," said Roger. "We cannot make a single mistake."

That, of course, was exactly the atti-

tude Old Indy wanted to instill in his tormentors. And from the moment the racing teams arrived early in May that was precisely their approach, with but a few bold exceptions. One of them was Swede Savage, the former protégé of Dan Gurney who was now driving for Andy Granatelli's three-car STP team. The amnesia which resulted from Savage's near-fatal crash two years ago in the Quaker Grand Prix (SI, April 5, 1971) may have been a blessing. The crack on his head that almost killed him also erased most of his conscious memory of racing. "Later I saw a racing car and I knew what it was," he says, "but I didn't know what to call it. My word center had been blasted to bits. I saw a racetrack and I knew what to do with it, but I didn't know what it was. If I'd been 10 years older when I hit that wall at Ontario, I would never have pulled through. But fortunately my brain—at the age of 24—was still growing." Fortunately for Indy fans, one particular part of his brain retained the splendid eye-hand skills that separate the average freeway klutz from the racing driver. After regrowing several million

brain cells, he was better than ever.

Savage showed it a week before qualifying when he "stood on it," and went all out for the 200-mile banner. He turned a lap of 197.802 mph that proved to be the fastest of the month—until qualifying day. Meanwhile, the best that such hot shoes as Andretti, Donohue, Bobby Unser, Peter Revson or Gary Bettenhausen could do was a relatively measly 195 and change. A. J. Foyt had a hard time clearing 192, a fact that cost his crew plenty of skin off their, uh, eardrums. The excuses for these performances were as loud as the motors that caused them. "There's not enough rubber down on the groove," argued some, contending that more rubber would make for more grab through the corners. Foyt and Andretti took the opposite route: there was too much rubber in the groove, and it was making the track slippery. All were agreed, however, that Old Man Indy's wind was making it very tough to control cars that, in the words of Englishman David Hobbs, "are engaged in the art of low-level aviation." Hobbs, for one, had to stiffen the springs of his machine to keep it from bottoming out through the corners. He did not care to fly quite that low.

Qualifying day proved as windy as the rest, with gusts up to 20 mph jumping in unexpectedly through the gaps in the grandstands. No one knows for sure whether it was wind or a suspension failure that did it, but at 9:37 a.m. on Saturday as he was entering Old Indy's favorite ambush site, Turn One, Art Pollard lost control of his car at about 190 mph, and smacked straight into the wall. The car exploded, skidded 1,450 feet through the short chute separating Turn One and Turn Two, rolled over through the grass and then hit the wall again at the second turn's exit. A witness saw Pollard looking back through the flames during the skid, searching perhaps for dangerous overtaking traffic. Or maybe for the face of Old Indy, who was killing him. His right arm and his head were both broken during the final, fatal tumble into the far wall. He breathed flames, too, and that finished him. He was pronounced dead at 10:40 a.m. Art Pollard was 46 years old, a veteran driver but not yet beyond his potential. He was one of the few men on the Championship Trial who could explain, in clear, human terms, exactly what was happening inside a race car, and inside a racing driver's mind. No one who ad-

mires good men will ever forgive his sport for killing him.

Pollard's death cast a surly, sullen pall over the track. Bettenhausen, one of the early qualifiers—and a man whose father had died at the hands of Old Indy—turned a four-lap average of 195.559 just before the news of Pollard's death was announced. It was a splendid run, but Gary's grin faded when he heard the word. Soon after, he and Bill Vukovich, his good buddy, left to play golf.

Still, Bettenhausen's quick time gave hope to the quarter-million fans that perhaps the big 200 could yet be beat. After all, Gary's blue McLaren was not considered a match for a Dan Gurney Eagle

go once again to Team McLaren, whose manager, Teddy Mayer, was wise enough to hire veteran Johnny Rutherford for this season's campaigns. Rutherford, a sprint car superstar, is one of the fastest qualifiers in the racing business. Back in 1970, driving a less than adequate piece of machinery, he nearly bumped Al Unser from the pole at Indy. At 35 Rutherford is still the hard-charging dude he was 15 years ago when he entered the sport. His favorite word is, literally, "banzai." Today, though, he was not feeling that way. His best friend in racing was Art Pollard. "I'd decided not to go out and banzai it," he said after his run. "It wouldn't hurt my feelings at all if they slowed these cars down by 20 mph or even more."

Not that Johnny slowed too much when his chance came up. His first lap was 198.676. He cooled it a bit on the next one, but then—with Old Man Indy's wind going slack for a moment—he pulled out an incredible 199.071. That was just 45.21 seconds around the big, square-shouldered circle. Or, roughly, 16 heartbeats short of the big 200. His final four-lap average was 198.413, and it won him rights to the pole come May 28.

"It's the dirtiest track I've seen in 11 years of racing here," Rutherford said later. "There was the wind, and then there was all that paper the fans were letting blow onto the track. Hot-dog wrappers, beer cups, toiletries—stuff like that. And they kept leaning out and waving at me. I remember thinking it was either jubilation or else they saw something was falling off my car. At any moment I expected the engine to lurch or the suspension to break or something nifty along those lines. Still, it was a very comfortable ride."

Bobby Unser could not say the same. Rutherford had come close to 200 without even knowing it—his pit mates flashed him signs indicating 197 throughout the ride—but Bobby U. understood perfectly well what was expected of him. After refusing his first chance at the mark due to trouble in his turbocharger, he waited at the back of the line for the wind to die down and his moment to arrive. In between times his crew kept calling the weatherman at Indy's Wear Cook Airport, hoping against hope that the Dirty Old Man would relent. He didn't. Bobby went out at day's end and knew he could not do it. His fast lap was only 198.588, and his average 198.183. That

put him second to Rutherford in the first row and ahead of Donohue, who came through with a solid 197.412 average to be third.

One of the other drivers not unduly psyched by the Old Man was, predictably, a newcomer. New Zealand's Graham McRae, boss of the Tasman Series and a hard charger in Formula 5,000 cars, talked his way into a new STP Eagle and noted, "I run about 193 in the straights in my 5,000 car, so there is no reason I can't do the same here." After only 10 laps in the Eagle he qualified at an average speed of 192.031 mph to sit in the fifth row.

The second day of qualifying produced no surprises. Indeed, USAC's national champion, Joe Leonard, could not even pull 190 out of his Parnelli. Still, the field of 30 cars that made the grid during this first and toughest weekend averaged 192.572 mph—8.561 mph faster than last year's starters.

Of course, no one will come close to 200 during the remaining days of qualifying, and not during the race itself, when fuel loads and suspension settings and turbocharger boosts are reduced for the full route. But then again, maybe the Dirty Old Man will nod off one of these days, maybe the wind will die down, maybe Foyt will get one of his engines running the way he dreams it can. . . .

But you better not count on it. **END**



Mother: Bobby Unser waited, and lost 198.183.

of the sort that Bobby Unser was driving. That hope was boosted higher when young Steve Krisloff, a skillful longhair from Parsippany, N.J., cranked out a 194.932 average after running no quicker than 190 in practice. "It was time to get it up," said Krisloff.

Then out came Savage in his red Eagle. His first lap broke Bobby Unser's track record of 196.678 with a clocking of 197.152. His average for the full 10 miles also was a new record—196.582 mph. Both Savage and his chief mechanic, the nonpareil George Bignotti, grinned like a couple of happy bears. They thought they had the pole.

Sorry, gentlemen. That honor was to

Outzista: Defending Champ Mark Donohue.



NOW LET US RENDER UNTO CESAR



Manager Leo Durocher leads Cedeño cheers.

For a man in the late strivings of life, 66-year-old Leo Durocher is in remarkable fettle. Emerging last weekend from 12 days in the hospital for treatment of an infected colon, he looked not a day over, say, 59. The hair, which has run, seemingly from time immemorial, from the base of the scalp to the edge of the collar, was full and tinted free of silver. The hands were steady, the flesh firm and pink and the mouth still the overactive volcano of popular legend.

Furthermore, his imperturbable spirit was not in the least agitated by the knowledge that the Houston Astros, whom he now manages, had won 14 of 17 baseball games under his subaltern, Preston Gomez, while he convalesced from the untimely ailment. "If he hadn't lost a couple," said Leo, laughing gamely, "I might never have gotten back into uniform." And when a visitor called to his attention that his office library unaccountably included a volume entitled *How to Put Fur in Your Sex Life*, he dismissed the impertinence with the curt reminder that "I know all about that stuff."

Still, for one so spry, Leo might have been accused during the course of last

And what is his, say The Lip and others, is a good chance for the hard-hitting Houston swiftie to be the equal of Willie Mays by RON FIMRITE

weekend's series with Cincinnati of succumbing to the careless bandying of superlatives common to those approaching their dotage.

His third baseman, Doug Rader, exclaimed Leo in one such moment, is the equal of Pie Traynor. Pete Reiser, whom he managed in the Pleistocene period, could have been another DiMaggio or Mays, he said, in yet another fit of geriatric rapture, had he not been disposed to plunge into outfield fences as if they were silk screens concealing the dressing chambers of the Copacabana chorus line. And Frank Howard or Clint Hartung or whoever was so strong that. . . .

But few would debate The Lip when he rhapsodized about his incumbent centerfielder, Cesar Cedeño. Mere words, even those of Durocherian origin, seem unequal to describing what havoc Cedeño wreaked on the Reds and what damage he has been doing, for that matter, to almost everyone for the better part of two seasons. So when Durocher, founder of the Willie Mays fan club, could say, as he did last week, that "at 22 Cedeño is as good or better than Willie was at the same age," his competence was not called to question. True, at 22 Mays was a private in the United States Army, but everyone knew what Durocher meant, for Cedeño is making believers of the entire baseball fraternity.

"There must be something he can't do well," said Reds Manager Sparky Anderson after watching Cedeño rout his forces, "but I haven't found it yet."

"Cesar Cedeño," said the ordinarily cautious Gomez, pronouncing the name lovingly, "is the best young baseball player in the whole world."

"I don't know whether he can keep this up for 20 years," continued Durocher, suddenly aware now of prior extravagance, "and I'm not saying he will be better than Mays. No way anybody can be better than Mays. But I will say this kid has a chance to be as good. And that's saying a lot."

It does seem certain, anyway, that Cedeño is improving with age. That is also saying a lot, since last year at 21 he batted .320, hit 39 doubles and 22 home runs, scored 103 runs, batted in 82 and stole 55 bases. And defensively, he was named to the Gold Glove team. But then consider his performances against the defending National League Champion Reds last weekend in the first "crooshal" series of the new season:

On Friday night in the Astrodome he had three hits and two RBIs and, by stealing two bases, assumed the league lead in that department. He also extended his consecutive-game hitting string to 10 games and raised his average above .330. The bases he stole were in defiance of Johnny Bench, who, despite his off-season lung surgery, is as impressively sound of limb as ever.

In the fifth inning Cedeño stole second easily despite the determined attempts of Pitcher Ed Sprague to hold him to first. Sprague threw to the bag maybe half a dozen times, but Cedeño was undaunted by such attention. When Sprague finally returned his interest to the batter, Cesar was off in a trice. Then, having arrived safely at second ahead of Bench's futile throw, he set off for third moments later. But this was too audacious, too insulting to baseball's premier catcher. Bench cut him down with a perfect throw—barely. The Astros, inspired by such daring, won 5-1.

But wait. Friday was merely the preliminary to an even more exciting performance the following evening. In the first inning Roger Metzger singled off Cincinnati ace Ross Grimsley. Cedeño scored him with a howling triple to right-center, nearly overtaking him on the base paths. In the seventh, Cedeño singled to center, stole second and then scored in extraordinary fashion. Bob Watson, who follows him in the Astro batting order, hit a sharp ground ball up the middle that Shortstop Dave Concepcion could only knock down. Unable to make a play at



first, Concepcion foolishly hesitated a second before retrieving the ball. This lapse was all that was required for Cedeno, who had stopped at third, to race for home. He beat Concepcion's throw easily, sidestepping substitute Catcher Bill Plummer the way O. J. Simpson might elude a linebacker.

Nor was this Cedeno's best play. In the fourth inning, with two outs, the Astros leading 1-0 and the bases loaded, Plummer singled cleanly to center, scoring one run from third. The swift Bobby Tolan, who had been on second, also steamed for the plate. Cedeno fielded the ball on one bounce and in a lightning-motion threw perfectly on one hop to Catcher Larry Howard. An astonished Tolan was tagged out and a Reds rally was extinguished. The Astros went on to win 7-1. "You will not see a better throw in all of baseball," said an adoring Durocher afterward.

Cedeno, who is a native of the Dominican Republic, accepts such praise with characteristic cool. Despite all the claims made for him, he insists he is merely a creature of instinct.

"I don't think too much when I play ball," he says, then adds in seeming contradiction, "I make up my mind to go

on the bases and I just take off. But look, I don't want to lead the league in stolen bases. Base stealers don't make enough money. I want to score 80, 90, 100 runs, but over .300 and hit more than 20 home runs. All that would be fine." Of his showing in the Reds series, he said modestly, "When you're hot, you're hot."

At his age, Cedeno's hottest years should be ahead of him. He is 6'2" and, at 190, some 15 pounds heavier than when he signed with Houston six years ago. He is one of the fastest men in the game and he works faithfully to refine his natural gifts. He no longer attempts to pull every pitch to left field, and a new overhand throwing motion has increased the accuracy of his powerful arm.

With Cedeno, the Astros have both a top drawing card—the three-game Reds series drew 98,133 paid—and the sort of inspirational player who could lead them to their first championship. In the talent-rich National League West the Giants have the early foot and the Reds, though harassed of late by injuries (notably to Joe Morgan's knee and Tony Perez' hand), must remain favorites, too. But the Astros are serious contenders: it took a four-hitter by Cincy's Jack Billingham Sunday to stop their latest streak with a

Cutting like a fastball, Cedeno scores a bonus run against Cincinnati after a momentary holding bobble turned him loose.

2-0 victory, a game in which Cedeno again stole second on Bench.

Durocher, who took control of the team last August after being cushioned by the Cubs, has done little tampering. He has moved mini-sluggler Jim Wynn to leadoff and he experimented in spring training with moving Watson to catcher, though he abandoned that project on opening day. As a leftfielder, Watson has been among the league leaders in RBIs. Lee May, the team's top power hitter, has not reached his best form yet, but he feels no pressure since everyone else is hitting so expertly. The pitching, particularly by Jerry Reuss and Don Wilson, has been exceptional. And then there is that blur in center field.

On the Astros' dressing-room wall hangs a portrait of a World Series ring with Durocher's name inscribed on it. "Our Goal This Year" is the accompanying message.

Leo has not earned the right to wear one of those rings since 1954. His centerfielder then was Willie Mays, age 23. Can he make it now with a 22-year-old? Just ask him.

END



WHERE THERE'S A WILLIS

... there's a way to win the NBA title, as the Knicks, leaning on a robust Reed, did, beating L.A.

by PETER CARRY

Seven minutes had elapsed since New York had won the NBA title and Willis Reed was trapped beside his locker in The Forum. Clutching a fifth of Paul Masson brut against his right hip, he sat harricaded behind a wall of hot TV lights, sportswriters and hangers-on. A man wearing a neatly pressed gray-green suit edged his way through the tangle of cables and human limbs surrounding the Knick captain and reached out to clasp Reed's right hand in both of his. "Great comeback," said Laker Coach Bill Sharman in the spectral whisper that has been his voice since he injured his vocal cords a year ago. Then he quickly turned away and was gone through the crowd.

Sharman's succinct congratulation was nearly analysis enough for a series in which Los Angeles took the first game and New York the next four. The result was precisely the reverse of 1972 when the same teams met in the finals and the Lakers won the championship. That Dave DeBusschere played all but the last 7:44 of the finals in good health after missing much of the action with an injury a year ago, and that Jerry West was hobbled by a sore right hamstring in the last three games, unquestionably affected last week's outcome. But the decisive factor, the agent who enabled the Knicks to dispose of the Lakers, was Reed.

In 1972 Reed was conspicuous during the playoffs as the only man in mufti on the New York bench besides Coach Red Holzman. He had been sitting there ever since November 1971 resting his left knee, which was immobilized on account of tendinitis. The treatment was a success, but when Reed returned to the lineup this season the long stretch of inactivity had added a very uncharacteristic facet to his play: inconsistency. In some games he snapped off quick, short moves inside, swished his jumper and seemed the equal of the Reed who had made the All-Star team his first seven years in the NBA. In others he appeared confused and out of place, much like the awkward kid who is allowed to play in a schoolyard game because he owns the only basketball on the block. The two new moves Willis executed most frequently were the Clumsy Carom (in which he would turn an uncontested rebound into an out-of-bounds play for the other team) and the

Three-Cushion Catch (in which he would massé an easy pass off his hands, onto one of his kneecaps and into the eager grasp of a nearby opponent). As recently as New York's victory over Boston in the semifinals, Reed's play was erratic.

Suddenly, against the Lakers, Willis' old game was his only one, a timely turn-about he found difficult to explain. "I just couldn't tell most of the year whether my ups and downs happened because I missed so many games, or if they were just the normal thing that all players face of having some good days and some bad," he said as he strapped on his canvas and leather knee brace before the final game. "An athlete is not like a car you can tune up by tuning some screw and then expect it to run right all the time. Coming off an injury like mine, you have to expect that sometimes you'll advance a little and at others you'll fall back a bit. But I said at the beginning of the year that I was aiming to be ready for the playoffs and here we are."

Reed was right on target. His contribution to the Knicks' victory was greater than his statistics—16.4 scoring average, .493 shooting percentage and 9.2 rebounds a game—indicated. On defense he frustrated Wilt Chamberlain, whose scoring outburst over Jerry Lucas led the Lakers to the title last year. Against Reed, who is taller, stronger, heavier and quicker than Lucas, Chamberlain's attempts to back under the basket for his finger rolls and dunks yielded almost as many traveling calls, three-second violations and offensive fouls as they did goals. And Lucas' presence on the bench was an asset. The Knicks' plan was to foul Chamberlain whenever he seemed sure to score, and Reed and Lucas had an average of 7.2 personals a game, more than either one could have afforded individually. The luxury of having two men available to clobber Chamberlain permitted New York to hold him to a measly 22 field goals in the series. Wilt made the strategy look even better by missing 24 of 38 free throws.

With Chamberlain's foul shooting 15" below his career average—which is a feeble 50"—and with West, Jim McMillan and Gail Goodrich all in free-throwing slumps, Los Angeles lost a potentially decisive edge. The Lakers tried

continued

As of yore, Cap'n Willis Reed wheels to the basket in the fifth and final game, a move that enabled New York Coach Red Holzman and the bench to rejoice in triumph

74 more foul shots than the Knicks, but converted only 37 more. That was damaging indeed because this year's finals were the closest and lowest-scoring since 1956. The average margin of victory was five points and even in the fifth game, a veritable rout that New York won 102-93, the two teams were separated by only four points with 1:04 to play.

Exceptional defense accounted for the low scoring and the closeness of the games. The tight defenses also were responsible for making the offenses seem disjointed, often inept. But except for the third game and the first half of the fifth, when the Lakers shot 32%, and nonetheless led 41-39 at the end of two periods, this was a well-played series in which the two teams struggled to score, not so much because their shooters were off but because their defenders were on.

On the afternoon before the fourth game West lay on the rococo burgundy-and-white bedspread in his New York hotel room as Laker Trainer Frank O'Neill smeared baby oil on the back of his thigh and massaged his injured hamstring. "When two teams play defense as well as it's being played in this series, it's almost impossible to tell if the offenses are bad or only appear to be bad," West said. "In situations like this players will usually blame themselves. They'll say they haven't gotten their game together yet simply because they don't want to admit that the other team can have so much effect on whether they score or not. I don't feel either team has done badly on offense. They've done just about as well as the defenses have let them."

With 56 points in the first two games, West seemed capable of doing as well as he wanted, but after his injury his offense was curtailed. Instead of the long, quick stride with which he usually begins his moves, he relied on short, choppy steps that made him look as if he were uptoeing about the court. They also made him far easier to guard; in the final game he scored only 12 points.

Meanwhile the Knicks had evolved an offense that allowed them to probe the heart of the Laker defense—the area under the basket patrolled by Chamberlain. Last season New York tried to defeat Los Angeles by giving the middle to Wilt and shooting from outside. The failure of that strategy, far more than DeBusschere's injury, sealed the Knicks' defeat.

This year first Bill Bradley—high man among New York's five double-figure

scorers with an 18.6 average—and then the rest of the Knicks began driving and shooting right at Chamberlain, even though at the start he blocked many of their shots. Sonu Wilt was spending more time guarding men other than his own and that was when Reed excelled.

It was usually Willis who set the picks that allowed his teammates to escape their own men and penetrate into Chamberlain's territory. Once Wilt had switched to pick up the intruder, Reed would roll toward the basket or step back a stride or two to the foul line to await a pass—and the opportunity for an open shot, if Chamberlain adjusted quickly. Reed passed off smartly to other Knicks as they became open as a result of Wilt's lunging back and forth. It was a simple tactic but nonetheless daring, since New York used the man it feared most, Chamberlain, as the cue for its inside attack.

While Reed's overall play made him the most valuable Knick for the first time in three seasons, no player on either team

performed as well as DeBusschere did in the fourth-game victory at Madison Square Garden, which gave New York a secure 3-1 lead. In the first half DeBusschere hit on 11 of 15 shots. Then, with 48 seconds remaining and the Lakers within two points, Bradley missed a corner jumper. Chamberlain and Reed leaped twice for the rebound. They succeeded only in tipping it about like a volleyball until DeBusschere took it away from both of them and threw in a wild layup as Wilt fouled him. He made the free throw and wound up with 33 points as the Knicks went on to win 103-98.

In the last game, in which DeBusschere was sidelined in the fourth period with a badly sprained ankle, Earl Monroe's eight points in the closing 2:15 held off yet another late Laker rally. It was the fourth time Los Angeles had almost surged into the lead as time ran out only to fall frustratingly short. In this play-off, for sure, all the comebacks belonged to New York.

IT WAS A ONE-GAME SERIES, BY GEORGE

by WILLIAM F. REED

In the ABA the champagne was Henri Marchant pink, and moments after the Indiana Pacers had won their third title, George McGinnis was swigging it and having the time of his young life. "Man, I'm just a kid," the massive 6'8" forward said. "Only 22 and I've already got two championships. Now that's something, ain't it?"

Ain't it, indeed. Although the Pacers' seven-game victory over the Kentucky Colonels was due mainly to aggressive defense and powerful rebounding, McGinnis was the young man—in normal circumstances, he would be graduating from Indiana University this spring—who made the big plays in this alley fight of a play-off. In the fifth game at Louisville he intercepted a pass with 25 seconds to go and made a dunk to provide the winning points in the Pacers' 89-86 victory. Then, after the Colonels tied the series with a 109-93 win in Indianapolis, McGinnis came back to Louisville's Freedom Hall and turned the Colonels with 27 points as Indiana took the final 88-81.

Save for the last half of the last game it was an exciting, ably played final, heightened by the old rivalry between two states and cities both claiming to be

the basketball capital of the Midwest. Only 115 miles of Interstate 65 separate Louisville and Indianapolis, and the teams were closer than that in ability.

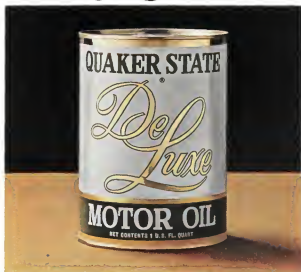
Going into the fifth game Tuesday night, the series was tied at two wins apiece. To offset the presence of Artis Gilmore and Dan Issel beneath the basket, Indiana Coach Bob Leonard had replaced Forward Roger Brown with the taller, springier Darnell Hillman.

The strategy paid off as the Pacers whipped Kentucky badly on the boards, forced the Colonels out of their offense and got Gilmore in foul trouble. When the 7'2" center fouled out with 1:30 to play, the Colonels led by only five, 85-80. Quickly the Pacers cut it to 86-82, and then Freddie Lewis, who had a 28-point second half, hit a three-pointer to cut it to one. The Pacers got the ball back but McGinnis fumbled away a pass that should have led to the go-ahead basket. Seconds later he atoned with his key interception and dunk that put the Pacers in front 87-86 with 0:25 left.

In the wild closing moments Kentucky Guard Jimmy O'Brien put up a jumper and a hook. But the Pacers' big men forced him to rush his shots and neither

continued

Peace of mind.



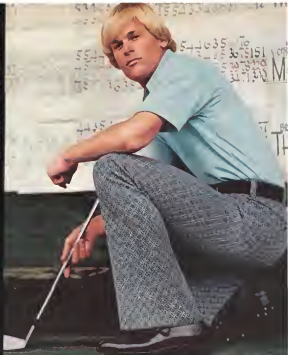
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went in. A pair of free throws by Lewis with two seconds remaining gave Indiana the game and a chance to make its rather unimaginative motto—"Three in '73"—a reality on its home floor.

But on Thursday night in the dark, smoky field house at the Indiana State Fairgrounds, it was Kentucky's turn to make a mockery of the home-court advantage. With Gilmore establishing his shot-blocking and rebounding superiority early on, and with Louie Dampier hitting, the Colonels led all the way.

Only in the third quarter did the Pacers make a run, closing to within 80-76—a surge that turned the old field house into a maelstrom of dancing cheerleaders, sweeping spotlights and airhorn-blowing spectators. But Kentucky scored the first eight points of the fourth quarter, held Indiana without a field goal for more than six minutes, and began preparing for a victory celebration Saturday in Louisville.

"We've got it now," said Walt Simon, who spent much of the series vainly attempting to cope with the bigger, quicker McGinnis. "No team in the league can beat us in a one-game series."

The first half of the one-game series was low on scoring and style and heavy on hand-in-the-gut, elbow-in-the-ribs defense, and at intermission the Pacers led 42-41. But then a strange thing happened. In the third quarter Kentucky's shots wouldn't drop, and Indiana was there to get every rebound and stick it in the other end. Kentucky hit only three of 22 for the period and scored but 11 points, an ABA playoff low for one quarter. Given that sort of chance, the Pacers, with McGinnis whirling and muscling for 11 points in a game-turning stretch in which they outscored Kentucky 14-1, blew out to a 66-52 lead. And that was it for Kentucky. As McGinnis bluntly put it, "They just quit. They gave up."

As the Pacer cheerleaders switched to "Four in '74" shirts, Kentucky fans were left wondering what sort of team they would have next season, or whether they would have any team at all. There was talk that Colonel President Mike Storen was working on a regional-type franchise, with the Colonels playing some of their home games in Cincinnati and Lexington. For the Kentucky players, however, there was one certainty. A message chalked on the blackboard in the dressing room read: "Practice begins Sept. 13."

END

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To Hell With Paradise

This is the sentiment of James F. Mitchell, premier of the unspoiled Caribbean island of St. Vincent, who seems it inappropriate to talk of whispering trade winds where poverty shouts **by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM**

As premier of my state, you will pardon me, I hope, if I appear not too anxious to grab the easiest dollar. The tourist dollar alone, unrestricted, is not worth the devotion of my people. A country where the people have lost their soul is no longer a country—and not worth visiting. St. Vincent's JAMES F. MITCHELL

Many another Caribbean island has gone this way before, so the signs are easy enough to read: St. Vincent is at the crossroads. For now it is essentially unknown, a sultry place where stilted huts cling to hillsides and street urchins do the same to the few foreigners they see, pleading: "Just 56, Skipper." But one can imagine a tourist boom sending those demands to 10¢ or even a quarter. St. Vincent, after all, offers such marketable tourist goods as tropical sunsets and an uncommonly full line of beaches. While its own are of black volcanic sand seemingly touched by evil, those in the Grenadines, tiny dependencies strewn below St. Vincent, are of the ever-popular Shimmering, Palm-fringed, Talcum-white variety.

But St. Vincent makes available only

a few of the Caribbean's other tourist specialties. The Ruby Rich Wine Valley Harps Steel Band serenades the cruise ships that occasionally call, and guests

at the island's small hotels need hardly worry about the supply of rum punch running out, but St. Vincent has no duty-free shops, Olympic-size pools or gala calypso revues, and even the official tourist guide concedes that night life is "somewhat limited." There are no casinos, either, leaving visitors to gamble instead on whether LIAT (Leeward Islands Air Transport), the local airline, will cancel yet another flight, an annoyance so common that wags claim LIAT really stands for "Leave Islands Any Time."

Such hardships make St. Vincent seem a world apart even from its West Indian neighbors. One of the Windwards, which in turn are among the least of the Lesser Antilles, St. Vincent lies seven-eighths of the way along the archipelago that curves like a connect-the-dots puzzle from Florida to Venezuela. The Grenadines stretch for 70 miles farther south to Grenada, which governs the closest of these volcanic outcroppings, leaving those to the north under St. Vincent. Where St. Vincent is lush, with streams rushing down from mountainsides, the Grenadines are serene. Few are inhabited, and the fishermen who dwell on them

continued



A pretty cove is the site of a proposed 70-room Holiday Inn, which would raise the total number of rooms on St. Vincent to 478



refer to St. Vincent, itself just 18 miles long, as "the mainland."

Partly because of their isolation, but also because they lie in storied sailing waters, it is the Grenadines that hold the most appeal for outsiders. St. Vincent attracted only 28,000 visitors last year (vs. the 1½ million who descended on the Bahamas), and for many of them the island was merely a blur on the way to the Grenadines. Arriving in the Vincentian capital of Kingstown, a scruffy little seaport of red roofs and cobbled streets, they immediately boarded waiting craft like the 72-foot ketch *Ticonderoga*, a champion ocean racer of yesteryear that now takes charter parties to idyl-

ism, which formally ended when St. Vincent became a self-governing "associated state" in 1969.

The silver-haired Barnard is understandably sensitive to the social stirrings. St. Vincent's 95,000 citizens are mostly black, brown or *caf   au lait* but Barnard is white. The annual per capita income is just \$225, yet he owns a 3,000-acre coconut estate, or as one awed neighbor puts it, "Mr. Cyril has plenty lands, mon." Barnard also raises and races thoroughbreds at several locations in the West Indies, maintaining the

all but sink under the weight of towering oceanfront hotels. St. Vincent and the Grenadines have only one building with as many as four stories and the country's 408 guest rooms are fewer than those found in one medium-sized San Juan hotel. Only last year were laws enacted providing for condominiums, while negotiations to crown a pretty cove on St. Vincent's western coast with a 70-room Holiday Inn drag on. There was no place to hit a golf ball until the opening this year of a nine-hole course in a blossom-laden valley dominated by an old stone aqueduct.

A certain ambivalence about his country's tourist policy is evident on the part of Premier James F. Mitchell, a meditative man of 42 who is said to do his heaviest thinking while walking barefoot along empty beaches. Last September Mitchell put on shoes long enough to address a regional travel conference in Haiti. He made it clear that he welcomed tourism, yet he avoided the usual tourist rhetoric about tropical paradises. Deeming it inappropriate to talk of trade winds whispering on islands where poverty shouts, Mitchell defined his government's policy as, simply, "development of our people while giving good value."

"One myth that needs to be exploded is the idea of the Caribbean paradise," he said. "There is no paradise, only different ways of life. The North American trying to escape a big-city problem like air pollution may not recognize the West Indian's problem of lack of opportunity in a small island—but it is a problem just the same." Mitchell said that St. Vincent would concentrate on small numbers of tourists "whose idea of a holiday is not heaven but participation in a different experience." He resorted to one bit of rhetoric himself, and that was the title of his speech: *To Hell with Paradise*.

Churchill is gone and Ralph Nader shuns high office, so let us take our statesmanlike utterances where we find them. James Mitchell is an Othello-like figure with a full beard, sloping forehead and the caramel coloring of his mixed Scotch-French-African ancestry. Educated in Canada, he was formerly tourism minister and owns a small hotel on his native Bequia, northernmost of the Grenadines.



The wreck of the "Antilles," which went aground in 1971, lies off Grenadine Islet of Mustique

lic swimming and snorkeling grounds.

Despite its seclusion, change has come to St. Vincent, a process sure to accelerate once the island's new TV booster tower begins relaying programs from Barbados and Trinidad. The women at Kingstown's Saturday morning native market still balance baskets on their heads, but their erect posture is lost on the teen-agers who slump against nearby buildings, listening to rock on cheap cassette players. In another sign of the times the St. Vincent Planters Association recently became the St. Vincent Farmers Association, a move that members like Cyril Barnard hope will erase the lingering stigma of British colonial-

ism, which formally ended when St. Vincent became a self-governing "associated state" in 1969. The silver-haired Barnard is understandably sensitive to the social stirrings. St. Vincent's 95,000 citizens are mostly black, brown or *caf   au lait* but Barnard is white. The annual per capita income is just \$225, yet he owns a 3,000-acre coconut estate, or as one awed neighbor puts it, "Mr. Cyril has plenty lands, mon." Barnard also raises and races thoroughbreds at several locations in the West Indies, maintaining the smallest possible breeding operation—one stallion, one mare—on St. Vincent. But there is land reform in St. Vincent now, and taxes in the upper brackets are such that even Cyril Barnard professes to feel a pinch. "It's a struggle to run an operation like this," he complained one afternoon, relaxing on the veranda of his hilltop home. "It doesn't do to be a landowner. You're only there to be attacked by politicians and everyone else." Servants padded around the rambling house, but the bedroom of Barnard's 18-year-old son Michael was decorated, incongruously, with a large Che Guevara poster. "Michael's at that age," the elder Barnard said.

Despite the premium paid for unspoiled tourist hideaways, St. Vincent has been slow to cash in—which is exactly why it remains an unspoiled tourist hideaway. While neighboring islands

This magnificent hilltop house belongs to
 Marique land developer Arne Husekvist.

His father was captain of a tri-masted schooner lost at sea many years ago, and Mitchell sails his own 28-foot sloop *Culbri*.

Mitchell wants to avoid the fate of Caribbean neighbors that have ridden the tiger of tourism only to wind up being devoured by it. He articulates priorities that larger islands belatedly embraced, broadening tourism to include the young, the budget-conscious and the ecology-minded. He rejects what Herbert L. Hiller, executive director of the Caribbean Travel Association, frankly calls "the high fantasy content" of Caribbean tourism. "The old mode is mass tourism," Hiller says. "It reflects standards set in Miami Beach, meaning high technology and imported management, materials and values. Men like James Mitchell now want tourism with a higher Caribbean content. They want Caribbean cuisine, architecture and culture."

The situation that Mitchell is determined to avoid is evident everywhere in the West Indies that super-luxury hotels have gone up. Many hotels, encumbered by huge investments, neglected to train their staffs properly and abruptly discharged employees at season's end.

Basseterre, St. Vincent's No. 1 crop, set home to the native market in Kingstown.



In addition they charged rates so high that publishers of *The Caribbean* at \$5 and \$10 a Day finally dropped the book because, a spokesman explains, "It kept getting thinner every year." Mass tourism brought prosperity, but with it such undesired side effects as soaring land prices that killed off agriculture. Mass tourism also helped create the very problems vacationers hoped to escape, such as polluted beaches in Puerto Rico and traffic jams on St. Thomas.

Charging that those chiefly prospering from all this were foreign hotel owners, West Indian black power militants found it easy to equate tourism with neocolonialism. And certainly natives feel they have sometimes been treated as second-class citizens. When tourists tried to photograph young Trinidadians making sandals on a street in Port-of-Spain, one youth protested. "What if I burst into your home and took a picture of you on the toilet?" A waiter in the Bahamas says, "If tourists started snapping their fingers and calling us boy, they'd be surprised how nice we can be."

But some native unpleasantness seems gratuitous. Subjected without apparent provocation to treatment ranging from ill-mannered to hostile, many Caribbean visitors go home vowing never to return. Tourism has declined in the U.S. Virgin Islands in part because of the kind of attitude displayed by the police officer who

ordered a woman visitor to move the parked car in which she was waiting for her husband. When she complied, he arrested her for driving without a license. The officer was black, the tourist white, but race is not the only source of friction. Bellhops in Haiti refer to black American tourists as *les blancs noirs*—white black men.

These tensions were aggravated last September when eight people, four of them white American tourists, were shot to death on a Rockefeller-owned golf course on St. Croix. One can dismiss this violence as an aberration, and perhaps reach the same conclusion about the mini-buses now doing a brisk trade carrying other tourists to view the murder scene. Still, the bad publicity came at a time when the Caribbean was already facing stiff competition both from cheap European charter flights and a Florida tourist revival spurred by the success of Disney World.

Caribbean tourism also suffers randomly from hurricanes, polio scares and, above all, the vicissitudes of the U.S. economy. In Puerto Rico, whose \$250-million-a-year tourist industry has not yet recovered from a slump that began with the U.S. recession of 1970, Tourist Director Roberto Bourlet warns that the island's struggling luxury hotels "must improve service in line with their rates." It is no coincidence that the islands now enjoying the biggest tourist surges include Haiti, Martinique and Barbados, each of which specializes in smaller, personalized hotels. The lesson is not lost

continued

on the government of Jamaican Prime Minister Michael Manley, which recently closed the Holiday Inn on Montego Bay for two weeks because of indifferent service. Where Caribbean politicians once made a whipping boy of tourism, Manley has told his people, "The tourist is innocent of responsibility for your problems. Don't blame the visitor, blame me." Similarly, posters in Barbados proclaim: TOURISM NEEDS YOU, YOU NEED TOURISM.

Tourist-related friction, like tourism itself, is much less pronounced on St. Vincent. Whites might be greeted with cries of "Honky" if they venture into Kingstown's tough Pauls Lot neighborhood, and there is a certain coolness about Seanley (The Dodger) Gibson, who stood one morning on Kingstown's wharf as passengers filed off a cruise ship to shop for straw goods. "These tourists can humbug you, mon," he complained. "You don't know who is a CIA agent." Then he chuckled, adding, "But it doesn't matter. We've nothing to hide."

The fact is that most Vincentians are friendly and open to outsiders, plainly pleased that anyone would visit their neglected island. This right away puts the modern visitor ahead of Columbus, who is credited with having sighted St. Vincent in 1498, an event diminished only by the fact that he did not bother to stop. Nor did St. Vincent escape obscurity when, after Britain wrested the island from the French and the Carib Indians, local sugar planters ordered a boatload of breadfruit from Tahiti to feed their African slaves. The subsequent adventures of *H.M.S. Bounty* have been recounted often enough, but few could tell you that the ship was bound for St. Vincent when its crew mutinied or that Captain Bligh completed his mission, sailing into Kingstown Harbor in another vessel in 1793.

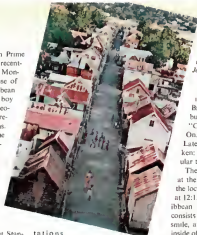
Some, including St. Vincent's handful of Marxists, would just as soon see Yankees and other tourists stay home. And there is an extraparlimentary group called the Educational Forum whose members are mostly college-educated. Echoing the "tourism is whorism" cry heard throughout the West Indies, Forum's literature interprets tourist brochure references to the "virgin beauty" of Caribbean islands as symbolic invi-

tations

"to be the first to ravish their virginity." But Forum leader Kenneth John, a barrister, admits this argument was "deliberately overplayed," adding, "We are a poor country and must have some tourism." This is much the line that James Mitchell takes. "St. Vincent needs tourism, but we must deal in realities," he said recently. "That's why it's wrong to talk of paradise. It's an image that can only disappoint: tourists come and find roads potholed or they find poverty and ignorance. It's the same with yachtsmen. We're not going to control the tides. Some days it might be rainy or rough." He laughed. "But in these islands you do have a better run for your money."

"We mustn't become overdependent on tourism. We want balanced tourism. This means serving homegrown vegetables and lobster caught the same day instead of imported caviar and steak. This will preserve our agriculture and keep tourist revenues from going out for imported food. It's what visitors want, too. They want to see things indigenous to the islands, like cultivated fields and the fishing boats leaving."

The unregimented, unpackaged tourism that Mitchell envisions would be pretty much an expanded version of what St. Vincent already has. There is a casual, nicely unpolished quality about a St. Vincent vacation today. The feeling begins even on the flight from Barbados aboard a groaning LIAT propjet staffed by stewardesses in clinging, early Supremes mini-dresses. Soon St. Vincent rises from the sea, its peaks lost in cloud-



Kingstown (pop. 16,000), whose mail often winds up in Kingstown, Jamaica, is capital of St. Vincent.

Curiously, the runway below is intersected by a road carrying British-made autos and crowded buses with such pockish names as "Come to Me, Baby" or "Ride On." Another bus is called "Never Late," but this vow will surely be broken: the plane is landing and vehicular traffic must wait.

The propjet deposits its passengers at the airport, where a sign says that the local Rotary Club meets Thursdays at 12:15 p.m. at Kingstown's Blue Caribbean Hotel. The customs inspection consists of no more than a gold-toothed smile, and the scene soon shifts to the inside of a taxicab winding through high greenery affording glimpses of the Caribbean below. Hugh Tyrrell, the driver, turns to the back seat.

"Welcome to St. Vincent," he says. "What we offer is nature's blessings and the love of the people." Tyrrell's words, though practical, soothe. Most strangers to St. Vincent, after all, hail from distant cities like New York or Toronto, where nature's blessings have long since been obliterated by foul air and concrete. The latest word from these places is that one cannot always count on the love of the people, either.

Tyrrell's island delivers much of what he promises. He or any of Kingstown's other eager taxi drivers will gladly show the visitor St. Vincent's own Mesopotamia Valley, whose steep crayon-green slopes are planted mostly in bananas, a crop accounting for 80% of the island's exports. Or they will drive along bumpy roads to the small fishing settlement of Barrouallie, where youths drowse under banyan trees and others play cricket on the dusty village square. Or take you to Sandy Bay, whose trusting inhabitants thought it an act of God when drums containing what appeared to be Jack Iron rum, a potent native drink, washed ashore three years ago. The drums actually contained industrial alcohol from a shipwrecked schooner, and the two dozen people who died in the ensuing binge included a 6-year-old girl. A bitter joke has it that the survivors would gladly drink the stuff again.

Another of St. Vincent's attractions is Mount Soufriere, a 4,043-foot volcano on the island's north end. One

reaches Soufriere by Land Rover, then hikes along a trail that twists upward through creaking bamboo to a crater sheltering a still, green lake. The 90-minute climb is less than Himalayan but deserves an extra element of sport from the fact that the volcano is semiactive, it erupted in 1902 at a loss of 2,000 lives and belched up an island of ash in the lake just 18 months ago.

There is something unobtrusive even about St. Vincent's hotels, small, come-as-you-are places where the absence of such amenities as phones or TV in guest rooms is seldom mourned. The best are three American-run resorts, each offering two dozen guest cottages on its own island. They are (with wintertime rates for two, meals included):

1) Young Island (\$68 a day), which lies 200 yards off St. Vincent, its thatched roofs camouflaged by hibiscus, oleander and palms. Owner John Houser, an ex-Hilton executive, is partial to bananas, which turn up in bread, fritters, cream pie, salads and, of course, daiquiris. The staff aims to please, with the result, paradoxically, that if a trade wind snuffs out the candle on your dinner table, you may have to relight it yourself: the waiters could be too busy serenading you with *Island in the Sun*.

2) Palm Island (\$60), a cabana-style beach resort in the Grenadines with daily LIAT service on its own airstrip. The

owner is John Caldwell, a feisty Texan who was shipwrecked while singlehandedly sailing the Pacific, an adventure described in his book *Desperate Voyager*. Later, as a charter captain in the Grenadines, Caldwell made like a tropical Johnny Appleseed, planting coconut palms on scrubby Prune Island, which he renamed Palm Island after leasing it for \$1 a year in local currency—or 53c U.S. Mitchell now wants to renegotiate the lease, and he pointedly calls the resort Prune Island. Caldwell says defiantly, "The word prune stands for something ugly and wrinkled."

3) Petit St. Vincent (\$100), most remote of the St. Vincent-ruled Grenadines. It is linked to the outside world by its own 35-foot launch, which meets guests at the Palm Island airstrip half an hour away. Owned by Kentucky harness horseman H. Willis Nichols Jr., the island is designed for privacy. The handsome cottages are so widely scattered through dun-colored hills and along empty beaches that getting around at night is a job for Eveready: guests are issued flashlights on arrival. Room service orders go into mailboxes outside each cottage and are collected every half hour or so by car. Petit St. Vincent advertises in *The New Yorker* and *Modern Bride*.

Besides the one at Palm Island, there

is an airstrip on Mustique, a Grenadine island being developed mainly for retirement homes. Its residents, mostly British, are condemned to look out on the charred bulk of the French cruise ship *Astilles*, which ran aground in 1971. This example notwithstanding, it is by boat, not plane, that one best gets to know the Grenadines. Passengers are welcome on a twice weekly mail schooner and there is competition in the Grenadines, as elsewhere, between crewed charter boats and bareboats.

The rivalry parallels that between chauffeured limousines and Hertz. At Caribbean Sailing Yachts, whose marina outside Kingstown charts bareboats from 34 to 41 feet, the pitch is that sailors qualified to handle a boat themselves pay less, follow their own itineraries and avoid personality clashes with quirky captains. "That's why we handpick our captains," says Judy Kwaloff, an agent for crewed charter boats in the Grenadines. Kwaloff puts vacationers who prefer leaving the driving to somebody else aboard the likes of the 53-foot *Luna Quest*, whose skipper, Stan Young, goes

continued

Yachts ride at anchor in Admiralty Bay in Bequia, Premier Mitchell's home in the Grenadines.



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Paradise

to great lengths to migrate. "I'd serve you dinosaur eggs on toast today," Young will say, bobbing at anchor off some deserted beach. "Unfortunately, we're out of bread."

The most popular anchorage in the Grenadines is the Tobago Cays, four uninhabited islets surrounded by miles of coral teeming with marine life, a gaily environment easily transformed, with mask and flipper, into a vast aquarium. For those who find snorkeling tame, and this includes every last scuba diver, the Grenadines abound in sponge reefs, underwater cliffs and at least one worthwhile wreck, a World War I gunboat aslumber in seven fathoms off the island of Mayreau. Hugh Little, an ex-Toronto adman who runs a scuba shop in St. Vincent's Mariner's Inn, exudes, "It's 73° at 50 feet in these waters. And there's visibility at 100 feet, where the big fish are."

The center of this waterborne activity is Bequia, whose forested hills are dotted with stucco houses built with wages earned aboard English banana boats and Japanese tankers. Two-thirds of Bequia's men go to sea while those who remain fish or build schooners from native cedar. Bequia also is one of the last places where whales are hunted with hand-held harpoons, although the market for oil is erratic and only three humpbacks were taken last year. So it was that when the whalers gathered one Sunday for the traditional blessing of the fleet, the island's Anglican priest sprinkled holy water on just two 26-foot double-enders, all that remained of the two dozen or more that once flourished there. On hand was Premier Mitchell, who stood with the priest, the curve of the beach at his back, joining in the hymn:

"O, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea"

Mitchell spends weekends on Bequia relaxing aboard *Cubana*, which he anchors in Admiralty Bay in front of his Frangipani Hotel, a cheerful little guesthouse of 10 rooms. On weekdays, commanding the ship of state, he lives on St. Vincent, leaving his Canadian-born wife Pat to run the Frangipani. Of this arrangement Mitchell says, "The government and hotel are doing fine, but the family feels the pressure of both."

But some would challenge Mitchell's assessment of how the government is doing. Politics is a heartfelt matter in St. Vincent, the tenor of civic discourse

being such that when the volcano erupted in 1971 opponents of the government made the absurd charge that it had devilishly seeded the crater with chemicals. Mitchell belonged to the ruling Labor Party until he resigned early last year. Neither of St. Vincent's parties could form a government after that, leaving Mitchell with the balance of power. This he craftily used by consenting to a coalition with the rival People's Political Party in return for the premiership.

Mitchell belongs today to neither party, assuring him the enmity of both. His tourist policy is unavoidably a political issue. Last year a British research team urged a five-fold increase in St. Vincent's tourism in the next decade, with the main thrust recommended for the Grenadine island of Carriacou. The report also called for modernizing St. Vincent's airport, where tricky crosswinds are to blame for many of LIAT's canceled flights. Mitchell generally accepts these recommendations but wants them implemented "in partnership with local investors." What local money there is, however, has not been forthcoming, prompting him to charge that it is largely in the hands of rivals determined to embarrass him. To this Hudson Tannis, an opposition leader, replies, "It's simply that people don't trust the government enough to risk their capital."

As the political maneuvering goes on, it matters little that most outsiders might identify St. Vincent and the Grenadines as a rock group. The task ahead, that of selling St. Vincent without despoiling it, is a delicate one. With the Caribbean alternately subjected to the sunshine of tourist promoters and the thunder of militants, there is an aspect of cautious realism about even so obvious a civic booster as Kingstown merchant Dennis Frank, who also is chairman of the St. Vincent Tourist Board.

"Tourism is growing slowly here, but maybe it's just as well," Frank said not long ago. "That way we can pick and choose exactly the kind of tourists we want. We can sell our country the way it is." In his office tourist literature was arranged in help-yourself stacks. One brochure called St. Vincent and the Grenadines by a name that somebody on the Tourist Board once dreamed up in a modest attempt at phrase making. James Mitchell might disapprove. The brochure welcomed visitors to "A Paradise of Islands."

END

BOURBON

A man with dark hair and a mustache is shown from the chest up, wearing a plaid shirt. He is holding a bottle of I.W. Harper Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey in his right hand and pouring it into a glass filled with ice cubes in his left hand. The bottle label is clearly visible, showing 'I.W. HARPER', 'GOLD MEDAL', and 'KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY'. The background is dark and moody.

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under the sun
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taste of really
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Now you can get a wagon with the interior comfort and luxury of an LTD combined with classic LTD styling.

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Options shown include: new recreation table, power Mini-Vent windows, electric rear window defroster, deluxe bumper group, deluxe wheel covers, and white sidewall tires. LTD Brougham vinyl roof, LTD Wagon luggage rack and convenience group.

When it comes to wagons, nobody swings like Ford.

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It is seven o'clock in the gray morning of the day the race meeting begins when the man who runs the track drives through the gates. Most racetracks nowadays are run by accountants, which may be why so many of them are such arid and joyless casinos. But the man who runs this one, Pimlico, and who will oversee the running of the Preakness there this Saturday, is Chuck Lang—a friendly chunk of a fellow, an open sort of man who wears his heart on his sleeve and replicas of black-eyed Susans everywhere else. He moves through the doors and begins searching out his associates: Walter and Baby Cakes, Shorty and Skeets and the rest.

Lang is known everywhere as Chick, as his father was before him, and his father's father, and his father's father. Lang's own son is in line for the name, although like all previous incipient Chuck Langs he is serving an apprenticeship as Chickie or Chickadee. The incumbent Chick looks quite the way a man named Chick should look, which is proper because people at racetracks are named for reasons.

Eatable Pat, for example, one of

continued

THE LANGS of Pimlico: Chick, his son Chickie, and Chick's late father in his jockey silks



MAN IN THE MIDDLE JEWEL

Chick Lang is in charge at Pimlico, where on Saturday the Preakness will be run, Johnny Unitas honored and a lacrosse game played

by **FRANK DEFORD**

Lang's favorite backstretch figures, earned his name by hanging around the track kitchen, betting newcomers that he could outeat them, which he could. And Jupiter Bill (or, familiarly, Jupe) knew the birth date of every jockey and trainer and picked the races by horoscope. There are equally good reasons why Sweet Potatoes, Mr. Squirrel, Goofy Gerald, Drop Cord, Tenderfoot and Hard Times were so named. And so, too, with Chick, notwithstanding the fact that he is 46 now and a grandfather. But always Chick: unregenerate crew cut, eternal good humor, adolescent mischiefousness and a chubby countenance.

As the squire of Pimlico and special guardian of the track's great race, the Preakness, Lang holds mixed credentials. He is a high school dropout, and the only employment he ever had in the world outside the track was as an unskilled laborer. At the track, however, he is bred for class on both sides.

His father was one of the foremost riders of his time and rode the Kentucky Derby winner in 1928, his maternal grandfather, John P. Mayberry, was a trainer who saddled the Derby winner in 1903. Lang himself has done virtually every job there is to do around a track. As general manager, his love for his present position is so all-pervading that Nathan Cohen, the vice-president of Pimlico, says, "Chick's enthusiasm can get downright sickening."

Lang is worried because it looks dangerously like rain on opening day. Instinctively he finds the bright side. "If I ever was anywhere when natural disaster struck, I would try to get to a race-track, because I would feel safe there," he says. "When I go over to the backstretch, I have this feeling like, 'Hey, Ma, I'm back!' The school books are on the kitchen table and the icebox door is open. You know? Sometimes I like to walk out to the infield by myself and sit there and look back at it all. What a feeling!"

"You see," Nathan Cohen says, "until Chick started working at Pimlico, he had no home."

As a jockey's son, Lang spent his school years transferring from Maryland to Florida to New York, and sometimes to and from Louisiana. There were no roots. He has now become a dedicated Baltimorean and Marylander, fiercely proud of the place where he has chosen

to live. "This is a tough town, and I can say that because it's my home," Lang says, "but I won't let anybody from New York say it."

The Langs came from Hamilton, Ontario, but the family had ties in Baltimore. Chick was born there and lived off and on with his grandmother in a house near Pimlico. The life of a transient was hardly glamorous. Chick's father enjoyed his best riding years before his son was born, and he failed to invest his earnings wisely. He was, besides, the kind of man who would trim even a short roll if a friend made a touch. At 5' 4" he also was just a smidgen big for a jockey and in his riding comebacks the battle with overweight began to do him in.

He had wanted his Chickie to become a veterinarian, but what young Lang wanted was to be a jockey like his father. That dream dissolved when he grew into a 6-footer weighing, now, 215 pounds. It was as a hot-walker and exercise boy that Chickie broke into racing, helping his father as the older man's health failed. Chick Lang, the nation's leading rider in 1921, the man who won the '28 Derby on Reigh Count, died at the age of 42, broke and coughing. "He had lived most of his life on grapefruit, Melba toast, cigarettes and coffee," his son says. A portrait of the jockey in his Derby silks hangs opposite Lang's office desk.

Shorty comes into the office, and Chick tells him not to unlock the elevators until the gates open at 11:30. He does not want the employees dirtying them up. "They'd be wall-to-wall clam chowder by the time people get here," he explains to Shorty.

Shorty agrees, but reminds Chick that a state functionary is scheduled to arrive shortly to inspect the elevators. Chick is wiser than that. "Don't worry about him now," he says. "Nobody with a political job is going to be anywhere at 8:30 on a Saturday morning."

"Me, my father, whoever—you get to be a pretty good people handicapper, too, if you spend your life around a race-track," says Chick's son Chickie, a handicapper for the Baltimore Sun. "If you don't learn to tell the realists from the phonies, they'll bury you."

"I don't care for anyone who doesn't hit it right down the middle," Chick says. He regularly cites a trinity of straight

shooters as his heroes: Vice-President Spiro T. Agnew, General George Patton and Vince Lombardi. "These are the kind of men who made this country," he says. "These are the men who get it done. I want to be a leader myself. I'm not a rebel; I want to do the accepted thing, but I don't ever want to be a follower. When it is wrong, I want to turn it around."

In his time he has jumped out of his car to help a policeman apprehend a suspect in the midst of a hostile crowd, and he has been hospitalized after taking a fall while chasing a burglar. Once, hearing a cry, he roared out of a hotel room in his underpants and wound up moments later out on the sidewalk wrestling a berserk rapist for possession of a pistol. He takes a perverse delight in telling his children that he is proud when their friends snicker at his haircut and call him Archie Bunker. "But understand," he says, "I never dislike more than three people at the same time. I just don't have the time. Actually, one of my three passed away, so now I have one slot open."

One of the two survivors is currently enshrined in Lang's office, his photograph reposing underneath a nonfunctional toilet seat, the cover of which is decorated with black-eyed Susans. But then most everything at the track features black-eyed Susans, which is Maryland's state flower, matching Maryland's black and gold state colors. They are also the flowers that adorn the winner of Maryland's greatest race—Chick Lang's Preakness. Sometimes—mercifully seldom—the Preakness is even called the Run for the Black-Eyed Susans.

Invariably, though, the Preakness is referred to as The Middle Jewel in the Triple Crown. The Preakness is grateful for such small favors since it falls between the Kentucky Derby, which is pure Americana, and the Belmont, which is a coltillon, very big in the business and society of racing. The Preakness has long been the nondescript one in between, and even Baltimore has come to accept the role.

The first Preakness, won by Survivor, was run exactly 100 years ago next week—May 27, 1873—but there were no renewals in 1891-92-93, so this is only the 98th Preakness. The race is named for a huge bay who was fouled in 1867

continued



An AMF Roadmaster bicycle brings out the best in you. The lightest wheels in the world won't win the Tour de France, if you haven't the legs or the stamina.

But the Pacemaker 10-speed makes you look like a pro whether you want to make tracks or merely stay in condition. The tip-off is the name—Roadmaster. Built with

the European touch for balance. And smooth, effortless motion.

And the kicky-looking toys like the Sling and the 3-wheeled Hot Seat stretch younger legs with fun that's made to last.

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boats, Volt balls or diving gear, Head skis, or Ben Hogan golf clubs. So what if you don't qualify for the Six-Day Bike Races!

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AMF brings out the best in you.



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The Order of
the Golden Touch

He's got the perfect touch when it comes to making your favorite drink. And his conversation can touch almost any subject you bring up. Whether it's the big game...or the score on the bigger things in life. He's your friend behind the bar who's always up front when you need him. You know him well...and so do we.

To help show your appreciation for all the times his touch has given you some golden moments - Canadian Club is presenting him with



the Order of the Golden Touch. This handsome pin will be noticed by all his friends...a conversation piece he'll be proud to wear in his lapel or as a tie tack. So stop in during National Tavern Month in May. He'll give you a very special welcome and a touch that's pure gold when he mixes your favorite Canadian Club highball or cocktail.

The Order of the Golden Touch. It's our way of thanking both of you for saying so many friendly things about us.

Canadian Club

"The Best In The House" in 87 lands.

and given an Indian name meaning "quail woods," after a place near Paterson, N.J., that George Washington spelled "Preckness." Preckness the horse left his mark on both sides of the Atlantic. Here there was his own record and the race that was named for him. Abroad he became an involuntary *causé célèbre*. He was taken to England by the 12th Duke of Hamilton, who was apparently as headstrong as the big bay he bought. Man and horse had a dispute, but the duke had the gun, and one day he shot Preckness dead. The furor set off by the incident helped bring animal treatment reforms to the British Isles.

The Preakness was shifted to New York in 1890 when racing was abandoned at Pimlico and did not return there until 1909. At that time it and the Belmont were the prominent 3-year-old classics; not until after World War I, after Colonel Matt Winn had pushed it along—did the Derby become the first prize. Lang is under no delusion that he is ever going to supplant the Derby, but he has upgraded the Preakness significantly since he arrived at Pimlico in 1960. Nathan Cohen estimates the race now has a real worth of \$500,000 a year to the track, and attendance keeps growing. This Saturday, with Secretariat and a special salute to Johnny Unitas (a tribute to beloved No. 19 on May 19), it would not be surprising to see last year's record 48,712 attendance full handily.

For the Preakness, Lang transforms Pimlico's infield into a sumptuously sanitized bacchanalia: bands, local celebrities, Miss Preakness, picnics and a general carnival air right down to cotton-candy machines. Even a lacrosse game. Alas, there also has been one distinct failure: nobody has been able to come up with an appropriate Preakness drink to match the Derby's mint julep. Everybody seems happy enough with just bees and crab cakes. "Crab cakes open at 3 to 5 and will probably go down to 1 to 5," says Chick.

Lang loves to tout the Derby. He has referred to it publicly as "The Preakness Prep." He has taken out advertising on Louisville buses and billboards for the Preakness, along with more unconventional ways to promote his race, using \$10 play-money bills and fake mutual tickets and spotlights. Once he and three friends blew up 5,000 balloons imprinted

continued



BILL HARTACK and Lang, conferring at Hialeah in 1958, teamed as jockey and agent to win \$3 million the year before.



SPIRO AGNEW was governor of Maryland and deemed to go higher when he met with former campaign aide Lang in 1967.

NEXT STOP PREAKNESS, then floated them out of their hotel window onto the Derby parade. Unbelievably, the management at Churchill Downs took some of these high jinks seriously a few years ago and fired off a letter of protest to Pimlico.

Still, Lang realizes exactly how important the Derby is to his race. His major effort in Louisville is to assure that the Derby winner and other contenders will ship to Baltimore. "Look," says Chick with a wink, "never forget that the Preakness has one thing that the Derby does not have. We have the Derby winner."

Spiro T. Agnew (Rep., Md.) and William Hartack (114): at different times in his life, Chick Lang has been remarkably close to these two disparate individuals. He retains ties to both, although the bonds are not as intimate as they were in the past.

Lang met Agnew at a golf club near their Baltimore County homes in 1962, at a time before Agnew held elective office above P.T.A. Lang was immediately taken by the man, and in 1966, when Agnew ran for governor, he took a leave of absence from Pimlico to become Agnew's personal aide. For three months of campaigning all over the state, Lang was the one person who was with "The Man"—as he usually calls him—every waking moment of every day.

Presumably, if there is anyone who knows Spiro Agnew, it is Lang. His assessment: "I've never met a person in my life who I am so fond of and respect so much as the Vice-President. The Man has the greatest command of the English language of anyone who has ever lived. Now, I want to make sure you get that right the way I said that: not just any living person, but anyone who has ever lived."

And Agnew on Lang? The Vice-President brings his fingers up together and, peering over the elephant figurines that guard the fountain pens on his desk, he smiles:

"Chick has unusual skills, great potential quality, really. He bears much resemblance, it seems, to what I've heard of Jim Farley. He was extremely valuable to me, and I could have used him in a staff position, but he needs a less structured existence.

"He could always soothe people who were irritated, and manage that while exercising total good sense. He is unflappable and considerate, and he could always see the humor in things. Ultimately, the thing I remember most about Chick is that he possesses such a deep understanding of how people feel."

Lang's association with Hartack reaches back much farther, to the fall of 1953 when Chick was a jockey's agent and more or less by chance wound up with the riding book of a youngster who had come down from West Virginia. Lang's contacts won the handsome Hartack a few key mounts, and Hartack took full advantage of the opportunity, moving right to the top. "When we first met, Billy was quiet, an introvert, but he was smart," Lang recalls, "and in the hole he had guts and determination and a belief in himself. Nobody ever rode a man's beast like Billy Hartack." He was soon the nation's leading rider, and he and Lang were off. In 1957 Lang's 20th of Hartack came to better than \$50,000. On his right pinky Chick still sports the large horseshoe diamond ring that his jockey gave him when they won the riding title the first time. "He became my other son—people still call him that. And it is true. I love Billy like a son. Oh, the nice things he did for me. He would take my kids and pile them into his big car and go off to a toy store and buy them \$60, \$70 worth of toys, whatever they wanted—he didn't have many toys when he was a boy—and then all the ice cream and candy they wanted. Chickie adored him. When he went to work for the Sun, I know he was only worried about what Billy would think about that, him becoming a writer. And my daughter, they asked Deborah what she wanted to be when she grew up, and all she said was that she wanted to grow up so she could marry Billy Hartack."

But Hartack had another side to him, too, and as the seasons went by it began to catch up with him. He was often hard to get along with, prideful, defensive, arrogant with friends and the owners on whom he ultimately depended. "You have to say that he destroyed himself," says Chick. "He didn't have to be so critical, to treat everyone the way he did. I pleaded with him many times." The big rides came less frequently and there was little left but rancor and controversy. "In

continued

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We keep some 85,000 installation and maintenance trucks on the road, operating out of 1,800 service centers that cover the country. So whenever you need

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We hear you.



many ways," Lang insists, "we are closer now than ever. He always leaves Oaklawn and comes in here to ride when Pimlico opens. He called me the other day and asked me to get him an agent."

"But he changed somewhere, and it became harder and harder. After he told someone that I had forgotten who was the employer and who was the employee, after I heard that, I knew I had to leave him. I said, 'Billy, I didn't know you thought of us that way.' The last horse I put him up on was Venetian Way. This was early 1960 and he won the Derby on him, but I was gone by then."

"When I went to work for Hartack, I was the man and he was the boy, but by the time we parted, I was the boy and he was the man."

Last May 20th Lang woke up to find it raining on Preackness Day, and he began to cry. He sat at the foot of the bed and howled for quite some time until finally his wife Nancy reminded him that he was a grown man, so stop crying. He said he was thinking mostly about the pianos and the cotton-candy machines in the field.

Opening day for Pimlico this year looked as if it, too, might turn out badly. The sky was dark, and luncheon reservations, usually an accurate barometer of attendance, were light. Lang agreed with Cecil, the track superintendent, that they would probably have to work on the track's surface. Then he cut back on his print order for the day's programs (they are printed on a railroad car that is hauled from track to track with its own press) and sputtered at his imminent misfortune.

He dialed the local weather forecast. "The crucial hours, when people make up their minds, are ten to twelve," he said. "That's when you need the sun. I don't believe this stuff about all the people who were going to work on their lawns who decide to come out to the races if it rains." The forecast called for afternoon clearing, with an unseasonable March high near 70, then high gale winds, falling temperatures and, by night, snow flurries. "Seventy degrees and snow," Chick snorted. "They must be smoking pot over there. They can't pick the weather any better than I pick the horses." So he tried Newark airport; he likes their forecasts better. Newark

said clearing in Baltimore pretty soon. Lang heaved "See?" he said.

The sun burned through at 10:10. It was a gorgeous day. He went out to mingle.

Since Lang is one of the rare track executives who is recognized by his patrons, it has become increasingly difficult for him to drift around and kibitz with the bettors without being harassed by horseplayers trying to squeeze a free pass out of him. Because of all the money that goes through the betting windows, many racegoers believe that having to pay admission to the track is an imposition, that such an insignificant sum should be beneath the track's dignity. In point of fact, a track's cut of the mutual take is so small that printing and servicing a \$2 ticket actually costs the track almost twice what it makes on it. Tracks generally must survive on the bagatelles of admissions, concessions and parking. Few men would dare walk up to David Merrick and demand an Anne Oakley for a Broadway hit or try to buck Wellington Mara for a season freebie to the Gaunes, but everywhere Chick Lang goes—and on the phone and by mail—people have no qualms about flat out asking him for a pass, or maybe two.

"And what business are you in, sir?"

Chick replies. "Oh, tires? Well, how about sending me over four free white-walled radials?"

Paying regulars stop Lang to congratulate him on the appearance of the plant—once a shabby establishment of Cimmerian gloom—the way a housewife might say nice things about her neighbor's new slipcovers. A local character, a sometime balloon retailer named Mr. Diz, accosts Lang with Swiftian logic. "Chick, the one trouble with this race-track is that now it's too good for the kind of people who go to racetracks."

Farther along, in the clubhouse, a moon-faced old man catches up with Lang and shakes his hand warmly, murmuring gratitude. His name is Harry the Horse Captain, alias Horse Thief Burke. He was an old companion of the late Damon Runyon, celebrated by the writer for explaining to the cops that he had only picked up the end of a rope—and how was he to know that there was somebody's horse connected to the other end? Horse Thief had been ruled off the tracks for touting. Now the ban was off and he

was back, and grateful. A racetrack was about the most favorite place in his life. "Thank you, Chick," he said huskily.

Lang had to leave the old man to find Shorty and Baby Cakes, rising high winds had done some damage down by the winner's circle. That attended to, he climbed up to the balcony of the jockeys' room to watch the first half of the daily double, the first race of the meeting. A jock's valet came up to him. "Your other son just got here," he said. Chick smiled; Bill Hartack had arrived, just as he promised, from Oaklawn.

The horses went into the gate. "Root for the eight," Chick said to no one in particular. Eight was the favorite. Management likes favorites to win because it means that more money stays in more hands, which means more money to be lost as the day wears on. In Maryland cynics maintain that since there is more money to be bet and lost on Saturdays, Saturday is a day for favorites. All over Pimlico, when a favorite comes in, people tear up their tickets and say, "I shoulda known! It's Sarruday, ain't it?"

Harry the Horse would surely believe that, too. But, at just about the time Chick was climbing to the jock's balcony for the first race, Horse Thief keeled over and died in front of the \$50 window in the clubhouse. He was 69 years old and did not have a whole lot of cash in his pockets.

No. 8 came out of the gate behind 11 horses in a field of 12. No. 11 took the lead, 11 was the second choice in the betting. "The 11 always runs good on this track," Chick said, adjusting quickly, the second choice keeps a lot of money in circulation, too. Eleven won, wire to wire. The restaurant was jammed with late reservations. The track dried out well. In fact, the weather had been so perfect that there were 4,000 more people on hand than Lang had dared hope for. Even the mayor showed up. Betting topped \$17 million. Lang's other son won the fifth race. The favorite won the feature; it was Sarruday, after all. Chickie Lang tabbed three winners in his handicap selections. Chick's wife Nancy hit an \$85 Exacta. Chick permitted himself a hot dog and a beer.

The temperature dropped 37° and there were snow flurries that night. "If the peanuts don't get you, the popcorn will," Chick said.

END

**The difference between a small car
and a small car by Buick.**



Introducing Apollo. By Buick.



(Text and illustrations follow)

Another small car? Aren't there enough on the market already?

Small cars come in big numbers



Yes and no. Yes, there are small cars of many makes and models running around. No, there isn't the kind of small car that Buick thinks America needs.

A small car has small-car hangups.

The biggest argument for small cars seems to be that... well, they're small. They cost less to buy. They cost less to operate. They're easy to drive. And they're fun to drive.

Getting around in a small car isn't always easy.



But there are a number of situations in which a number of small cars are ill at ease.

Like on expressways. Or on bumpy roads. Or with a family inside.

A big car has big-car hangups. The biggest argument for big cars seems to be that they take good care of you. They offer performance, roominess, and riding comfort.

But a big car can be a handful when you're trying to maneuver and park on small streets or in big traffic. And a big car costs more, both to buy and to operate.

The plan, then, was to combine the advantages of a big car with the advantages of a small car.

Ah, the joys of driving a big car



Introducing Apollo by Buick. Now, about the body. Let's face it. Apollo's basic body configuration is something you've seen before.

But Buick has taken that same basic shell and transformed it into Apollo—a small car that offers the kind of prestige, performance and creature comforts you'd expect of a larger car. There's a high level of interior and exterior trim available. And there's abundant acoustical insulation.

Sports car lovers will find the ride too soft.

Which is just fine. Because we designed Apollo for comfort, not for competition.



Performs beautifully even though the road is rough.

And we did it with coil springs up front, multi-leaf springs in the rear—each selected by a computer according to the way each Apollo is equipped.

This is one small car that knows how to keep quiet. In all Apollo models, sound deadeners are applied to the roof panel, under front and rear seat floors, to the door outer panels, wheelhouses, and the passenger compartment floor.

There's insulation below and behind the instrument panel.

With available V-8 engines, a full fiberglass hood blanket is included. And to help isolate



noise and vibrations, rubber isolation mounts are used between the body and the frame.

When all is said and done, Apollo simply doesn't sound like a small car.

Perhaps the most impressive asset is inside.

Thick carpeting is standard. So is an instrument panel with wood-grain vinyl accents.



Custom interior available.

So are front and rear armrests and ash-trays.

The full-foam seats are very un-small-car. They're big, thick and comfortable—with room for legs, hips and shoulders.

Why Apollo weighs 450 pounds more than a lesser compact. When ordered the way we suggest, Apollo weighs more because Apollo comes with more. Standard equipment includes that rather imposing bumper system with full-width steel reinforcement.

Large E78 x 14 tires.

And all that insulation.

Then there are Apollo's available and eminently desirable V-8 engines and Turbo Hydra-matic transmission.

It isn't a typical compact—not when you add a Buick V-8.

There are V-8s and there are Buick V-8s. A rather important distinction.

Because Buick V-8 engines offer features like nickel-plated exhaust valves, semi-closed cooling systems, time-modulated chokes and so on and so forth.

It's really not important that you understand all the equipment. Just so you understand that a Buick V-8 is a rather special way to power a car.

And that the 350-cubic-inch V-8s that go into Apollos are the same engines that go into our most expensive Century models.

There are two Buick V-8s available for Apollo—and either one can handle both city streets and highways.

Naturally, Apollo is available in a hatchback.

Which is a beautiful way to make an already "big" small car even bigger. Because with the hatchback up and the back seat down, Apollo takes on a lot of cargo-carrying ability.

The cargo area is over six fully carpeted feet long—with a whopping 27-cubic-foot capacity. Not bad for a small car.



Fill 'er up.

continued...

Of course, if you're not inclined to carry Christmas trees or carpets in your Apollo, you can always choose either a 2-door Coupe or a 4-door Sedan version.

You'll still have plenty of room for people because Apollo's interiors are deceptively roomy.

Apollo may be a small car, but it's hard to tell from the inside.



Your choice of 4-door, Hatchback or Coupe body styles.

If you have about 3,200 dollars* to spend for a car, read on. At first thought, the idea of spending more than 3,000 dollars for a typical small car might sound a bit steep.

But then, we're not talking about a typical small car, are we?

Let's say you have 3,200 dollars to spend.

Your money will get you an Apollo 2-door Coupe with the following recommended equipment:

Buick 350 cubic-inch V-8 (2-bbl. carb.) • Turbo Hydra-Matic 350 Transmission • Variable Ratio Power Steering • E78 x 14 Whitewall Bias Ply Tires • Deluxe Wheel Covers • Bumper Protective Strips (Front and Rear) • Protective Body Side Moldings.

Of course there are plenty of additional items you can specify, but the combination suggested makes a good, solid base to start with.

And at that price, with that much equipment, Apollo is about as much small car as you're going to find on the market today.

*Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price for the Apollo 2-door Coupe includes dealer new vehicle preparation charge and the equipment listed above. Other options, destination charge, state and local taxes are additional.

Specifications

Dimensions (inches, unless otherwise noted)	
Wheelbase	111.0
Length	197.9
Width	72.4
Height	52.5
Curb weight (lbs.)	3317
Axle Ratio: Manual Transmission	3.08
Automatic Transmission	2.73

Apollo. By Buick.



As an honorary member of the British Deer Society, 24-year-old Prince Charles sent a letter containing an interesting stag story when he was unable to attend the society's 10th anniversary celebration. After the customary niceties—"I have had more fun watching and stalking deer than I should have heveled possible"—Prince Charles got down to the tale: "I should be interested to know," he wrote, "whether anyone has had the success I had last October during the rut in Scotland in fooling a large stag with hand that I was a competitor for his harem. I advanced over a steep ridge with my arms above my head in the form of antlers. The stag took a look and came straight at me, only to realize his mistake and disappear rapidly with a look of profound horror and embarrassment on his face." Said Peter Baulle, the society's chairman, "The letter will be kept in our archives. The members were delighted with it."

"How do you say no to Howard Cosell?" asks Erich Segal. Cosell wanted the author of *Love Story* to carry a four-pound pack of batteries and a microphone in this year's Boston Marathon, and Segal just couldn't refuse. The mike picked up some highly critical reviews of Segal's running, and one spectator did shout, "You run better than you write." Says Segal, who finished 526th, "Can you imagine what a blow that was to my ego?"

Jennifer Heubach, a pretty senior from California, won Wellesley College's 79th annual hoop-rolling contest and was presented with a yellow and white floral bouquet. According to tradition, this means she will be the first of her class to marry. Before anyone slips any hoops on her fingers, however, Jennifer plans to attend graduate school to study law and urban planning. Indeed, she had not intended to enter the



rice and had not even practiced, but maybe she didn't have to. Back home in Los Altos she ran junior high school track, participated in high school gymnastics and was captain and quarterback of her high school powder-puff football team.

No doubt about it: it was a rookie tryout when Dallas Cowboys Defensive Back Charlie Waters recently auditioned for a sports-casting job with a Dallas TV station. "They had everybody there," Waters recalls. "Carmichael, director, light man, everybody. I had to write my own script and I started on it and stuttered. Then I said, 'Oh—' and got tickled. I threw the five-page script up into the air, and the pages just fluttered down like parachutes. It really broke me up, and there I was laughing and rolling on the floor. . . . Then I looked up. Man, those guys were staring at me straight-faced. Not even smiling. It was terrible. I mean those cats were really serious. You probably won't believe this, but I didn't get the job."

• A free pair of Puma shoelaces to the first person who can guess the age of this athlete and his time for the 100. Nope, wrong Duncan Maclean, who was one of the world's fastest sprinters in 1904 when he ran the 100 in 9.9 seconds, now does it in 14 seconds at the age of 88. Originally from Scotland and known as the Tartan Flash, Maclean trains for two hours every day at Lon Lon's Crystal Palace sports center in preparation for an international meet: the U.S. Masters Championships for athletes over 40. His next-eldest teammate is a mere 70.

Harry Hipp, 84, a retired San Francisco builder and developer, really can't live without golf. Before being fitted with a pacermaker after a recent heart attack, Hipp insisted that the device must not interfere with his golf swing. Patients at Mt. Zion Hospital were startled to see surgeons Milton Pearl and Jacob Abouay swinging a driver in the fifth-floor corridor—to learn just where the arms would touch the body during the swing. Apparently they found out. After leaving the hospital Hipp went to Palm Springs and shot a 42 for nine holes.

Ex-Senator Jack Miller of Iowa and his wife Jerry, both rabid golfers, cannot agree about the disposal of Jerry's ashes in event of death. "I wanted to have me sprinkled over the putting green so I could watch over his game and improve it," Mrs. Miller said. "But he said, 'Are you kidding? I'll sprinkle you in the sand trap where you belong.'"

Marty Brown, an official of the PGA, is undergoing a hair transplant. Thirty-two tufts of hair, one-quarter of an inch in diameter, are scattered over his once-shiny pate at the rate of about one tuft per square inch of skin. Arnold Palmer took one look at

the construction work and said, "Maybe we ought to paint a white line around it and call it, 'Ground Under Repair.'"

♦ Hank Deamusis, a former football player, now runs all his patterns on a sewing machine. He used to tear opponents apart at the seams while playing high school ball in Boston, college football at Northeastern University and in the semipro leagues. "I loved it, being face-to-face with all those guys, smashing them," he says. "I was pretty cocky." A year ago he got into clothing, employing 16 people. "My wife Vicki was the seamstress," he says. "I was only in it from the business angle, but I got tired of being ignorant when women asked questions. Like football, you need total dedication to be a seamstress. I felt very clumsy behind the sewing machine with my big hands, but when you get to know it, it's exciting. I mean, you sew things inside out, then turn them around and they look good."



He's out to make a name for himself

Pat Kelly goes through life like a chronic case of mistaken identity. It is bad enough that people think he is a merry-eyed, bulb-nosed Irish comedian. Worse, last week he got a letter from the owner of the Cleveland Browns that he just knew was meant for his running back brother Leroy. The only evidence he has that the rest of the world is not marching to the drum of some distant

tribal lunacy is in the baseball statistics. At week's end Pat Kelly of the Chicago White Sox—dancer, dude, outpatient and all-around hithe spirit—was leading both major leagues in batting with an average of .441.

There is some suspicion that Kelly is symptomatic of a vernal event—one that will melt under the summer sun—and, more important, of the White Sox themselves. They lead the American League in win percentage, in batting and in apotropy. For generations it has been dogma that the Sox, burdened with a ball park only slightly smaller than West Texas, relied on pitching and defense for their success, however slight, and finished regularly, not to say triumphantly, near the bottom of the league in batting. The Hitless Wonders was not just the name of a common plague in Chicago but the identity of a way of life.

"We decided to go get the hitters," says Manager Chuck Tanner about the turnaround of the White Sox. "We didn't worry about the size of the ball park; we wanted to fill it with men who could hit well." The hitters they got were either celebrated (Dick Allen) or anticipated (farm products Bill Melton and Carlos May). Pat Kelly came along as a surprise. Until recently he was known—to the extent he was known at all—as Leroy's brother, as baseball's most distinguished fashion plate (he was named to *Kansas City's* best-dressed list while he was with the Royals) and as a fast man on his feet. On the one hand he has mastered the jerk, the Skate and the Funky Broadway; on the other, he stole 32 bases in 41 attempts last year.

"Discriminating. Whenever I'm hitting well, I'm being much more discriminating," Kelly was saying. He had put aside the velvet Super Fly hat, the cuffed red velvet pants, the pink and burgandy tank top and the red wet-look shirt ("like in scuba diving"), and now was dressed extensively, if not elegantly, in Ben-Gay. For a week or so he had successfully concealed from the rest of the league that the tendinitis in his left shoulder hurt so much he could not make a throw from his shoulder to his shoetops. "When he caught a fly ball, Jorge Dria [the White Sox second baseman] would run out until they were five feet apart and Pat'd just wrist-flick the ball to him," said Tanner. But the pain didn't strike when Kelly swung, and so, fortified with cortisone and by visits to the team doctor, he sent

his batting average soaring. "I've become much more selective about pitches in my swing zone," he said, "and I'm seeing the ball good. When you're hitting, it's as big as a balloon."

This revelation may have all the public impact of falling hair, but it does offer some insight into the phenomena of Kelly and the White Sox. For one thing, Kelly has—for all his inclination to disguise it with the engaging boulevardier's *esgar*—a rather acute intelligence. While most batters talk about their strike zone, Kelly talks about the reality, that slightly larger target which is the real zone of combat between hitter and pitcher, the swing zone. This is the area outside the strike zone where a pitcher can tack a poor-to-bad pitch in the conviction that the batter may well swing at it—usually ineffectually. The idea is to keep the ball within tempting reach—within the area where the batter likes to swing at a pitch but too far out of the strike zone for him to hit it well. The percentages are that the worst that can befall the pitcher is a called ball.

The strike zone, on the other hand, is a high-risk area where the batter can get good wood on the ball, and the worst that can befall a pitcher is instant disaster. Some batters have by nature, or force of circumstance, a very large swing zone. Dick Allen, for example, had to swing at many pitches far outside the strike zone in the late innings of most games last year because—given the lamentable state of White Sox power after Melton was sidelined with a back injury—a walk would not help the team. If Allen did not, get a big blow for the Sox, nobody else would. If he were content with a walk to first, there to languish until dead, the pitchers were content to let him. This year things have changed. Four of the first five batters in the White Sox lineup are batting over .300 and Melton, hitting fourth behind Allen, leads the club in RBIs. Freed from the imperative of free swinging, everybody on the team is working toward the ideal, to make the swing zone as close to identical with the strike zone as possible, and thus put intense pressure on the pitchers.

To date, Kelly has most closely approached perfection; he is hitting almost 200 points over his career average. Once he was tempted to be a home-run hitter. "That's the year I had a hundred strikeouts," he says. He is 28 now, only two years younger than Leroy, and at 6'1",



CHICAGO'S PAT KELLY EYES A PITCH

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185 pounds he has the look of sleek power. But he knows he has to quell that self-motivating instinct and to concentrate on whittling down his swing zone.

"I felt that with my speed [he has been timed at 3.8 seconds going from home to first] I'd have a 50-50 chance of getting on base if I just made contact with the ball," he says. So he stood a bit farther from the plate, the better to see the ball, and refrained from swinging at pitches on the far outside edge of his swing zone. The result is not only more hits but more walks. By last week he was reaching base 55% of the time.

Once there, Kelly is not only a continuing threat but an elegant subtlety in the strategies of Manager Tanner. Some plays are obvious. Kelly was very aggressive about advancing by stealing last year because, with the White Sox baiting concentration in Allen, he was not likely to advance any other way. Some plays are not. For example, Tanner has an inclination to open with a flourish in the second game of a doubleheader, particularly when the White Sox have won the first game. "It gets the adrenaline flowing in your own men and it gets the other team down right from the start," he says. "They start thinking, 'Well, it's starting all over again. What chance have we got?'" The responsibility for such a flourish tends to fall frequently on Kelly because he is the leadoff batter. After the Sox whipped the Texas Rangers 10-1 in the first game of a doubleheader while the pennant race was tightening last August, Kelly opened the second game by getting a walk, stealing second, going to third on an infield out and then stealing home. Thus he gave the White Sox a first-inning 3-0 lead without troubling them for a hit. The Rangers dropped the game 7-1 and the White Sox romped a few steps further in their brief, dramatic stay at the top of the American League's West Division.

This year Tanner's tactics, and Kelly's, are less larcenous. Kelly has stolen only one base all season. "I'm just getting on and waiting for something to happen," he says. The wait is never long: the three men behind him in the batting order—May, Allen and Melton—have 87 hits, a .311 batting average and 55 RBIs. Says Allen: "I know that if Pat gets on base, Carlos will move him along, and that I don't have to mash the ball to score him. If I just keep the ball in play, I know he'll score." The result: Allen is still hit-

ting with power—17 of his first 29 hits were for extra bases, but only five were homers. Kelly has been scoring nearly a run a game, and driving in a run or two, also. Last Thursday it was his 12th-inning single that beat the Angels 4-3.

To be sure, Kelly is not playing in every game. A left-handed batter, he is being used only against right-handed starters. But the White Sox do not fall apart when he is out of the lineup. John Jeter, his right-handed alter ego, was hitting .326 last week. They are of a size and kind: Jeter is a little taller and about as heavy as Kelly and a speedball, too. But there is no mistaking him for an Irish comedian or a Cleveland running back. Given a few more weeks of 400-plus batting, nobody will make that kind of mistake about Pat Kelly, either.

THE WEEK

(May 6-12)

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

AL EAST

"They've put the rabbit back into the baseball," said Gaylord Perry of the Indians. "Those are rockets going out of here. . . . For sure they've laced up the ball." After 15 games in Municipal Stadium last year 19 homers had been hit; this year 35 have gone out. What is more, league home-run output is up a whopping 38%, a difference too great to be attributed solely to the use of designated hitters. Perry's complaints were not the grouching of a loser, for he won twice last week. Mike Wilcox also won, presumably with the assistance of a wooden statuette of a Hawaiian war god his father sent him.

Last season Boston's Luis Tiant gave up seven homers in 179 innings, in 56 innings this year he has allowed 11, three last week, as the Red Sox went 3-1. Ron Blumberg of the Yankees pulled a 440-footer in Minnesota that had it been straighter might have netted him \$90,000. George Medich and Fritz Peterson hurled shutouts as the Yankees leapfrogged from fifth to third.

Still, no team could reach .500, Milwaukee moving in from after a 3-2 week. Jim Colborn subdued Texas on one hit and Darrell Porter's eighth-inning homer squelched Kansas City 3-2. Latest of the ball park gimmicks is the chap in Milwaukee who commemorates Brewer home runs by sliding down a chute into a huge beer stein. alas, the chute was not greased properly for his first trip, but he made it to the mug anyway.

"When they got me only six runs in my first five starts I decided to pitch shutouts,"

said Baltimore's Jim Palmer. He blanked the Angels, then the Yankees, and the Orioles, managed a 4-2 week.

These were trying times for the Tigers. They lost four of six, Woodie Fryman committed the first Tiger balk since 1971, Willie Horton and Gates Brown wound up on third base at the same time and Shortstop Eddie Brinkman, who set five fielding records last season, made four errors.

MIL 12-14 DET 14-18 BAL 12-15
NY 12-15 CLEV 14-17 BOS 12-15,

AL WEST

Ed Kirkpatrick, a 233-life-time bunter, hit .400 for the Royals and raised his average to .386, second highest in the majors, as Kansas City went 4-2 for the week. Kirkpatrick attributed much of his success to Dr. Ray Reilly, a psychologist: "He seems to know a lot about how athletes' minds work."

The Angels are already in a stretch drive of sorts, indulging in what Manager Bobby Winkles calls "waste stretching exercises." This latest of Winkles' Winkles is designed to cut down on injuries, particularly pulled hamstrings. But last week little worked as California lost five of six.

Manager Frank Quattrone objected when the Minnesota organist played *Roll out the Barrel* as portly Harmon Killebrew came to bat. Deadpanned the organist: "I just thought the Twins were going to have a barrel of fun with Harmon coming up." There was little fun for the Twins, however, as they lost big (14-4) and small (2-0). It was the A's who enjoyed themselves. Their 6-0 record included two wins for Ken Holtzman. Ben Campanelli hit .500 and DH Deron Johnson smashed three homers.

Rich Hand of Texas got tangled up on the mound and fell on his face, but he came up smiling with a 7-2 win over Detroit. After losing a game to Oakland by 15 runs, Manager Whitmy Herzog said: "The only nice thing is that it counts as only one defeat." And that recall first-place Chicago had as Wilbur Wood went twice to become 8-2, Terry Forster had three saves and the Sox won four without benefit of a homer.

CHI 16-17 KC 20-11 OAK 12-14
CAL 14-15 MINN 11-14 TEX 8-17

NL EAST

Home run production in the National League is up, largely because the Pirates have already hit 39 of them, nearly twice as many as a year ago. Last week they had 11, three by Willie Stargell, who bopped a 480-footer out of Dodger Stadium. "I've never set goals, but I believe if I stay healthy this year I'll hit 60 home runs," he said. The Pirates needed more than homers, however. Pittsburgh hit into 12 double plays, made eight errors, lost five of six and tumbled to fourth.

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ANSWERS:	Zenith	30%
	Brand A	11%
	Brand B	9%
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	Brand E	3%
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	Brand G	2%
	Brand H	2%
	Brand I	1%
	Other Brands	3%
	About Equal	21%
	Don't Know	11%

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Zenith	56.1%
2nd best brand	21.1%
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4th best brand	8.5%
5th best brand	5.8%
6th best brand	5.7%

Percent of Ballots

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Chicago hammered out 13 doubles and 11 home runs, took four of seven games and clung to first place. Rick Reuschel, the only Cub starter with an ERA under 4.00, lowered his mark to 1.59 by stopping the Phillies 3-1. When Manager Whitey Lockman was ejected from a game in San Diego he manipulated the Cubs by peeking through a gap in the wall behind the dugout and relaying messages.

Jerry Koosman of the Mets beat the Braves 8-1 with a five-inning and Tom Seaver notched two wins, one a two-hit shutout of the Pirates. Overcoming numerous injuries, the most serious being Jerry Grote's broken wrist, New York advanced into second place.

Jackie Day in Philadelphia attracted 60,120 fans, one of the largest crowds in league history. But the Phillies lost three games (including that one) by two runs and one by one. Their lone triumph came when Mike Ryan drew a bases-loaded walk in the 14th inning to beat the Reds 3-2.

Montreal struggled to win two of five, 4-3 over Houston with the aid of a bases-full wild throw in the ninth and 3-1 over St. Louis when Ron Woods scored from first on a single. Previously the Cardinals' hap-

less Alan Foster won his first game in almost two years, blanking the Expos 12-0. Ken Reitz, who used to sneak into Candlestick Park by climbing the fence, arrived there in style with the Cardinals last week and hit a double and his first major league homer on a 3-1 victory.

CHI 16-13 NY 16-14 MONT 10-14
PIT 12-13 PHIL 11-17 ST. L 7-22

NL WEST The Giants would do almost anything to score a run. Dave Rader even crawled the last few feet to home plate after being knocked down in a melee between the Giants and the Cubs. Mostly, though, San Francisco got runs by more normal slugging. Four of its five wins were due largely to 10 home runs, one a 500-footer by Willie McCovey. Bobby Bonds socked three, had 11 hits, scored 11 runs and drove in seven.

Of all last week's sluggers, Cincinnati's Johnny Bench was the robustest, with 14 RBIs and five homers, a record-tying four of them in a row. Three of his HRs and seven of his RBIs came in one game against Steve Carlton of the Phillies, yet it took a two-run blast by Dave Concepcion to seal

the win, 9-7. Next, the Reds had their troubles in Houston, losing two as the Astros took four of five for the week (page 42).

For the first time, Dave Johnson bottled cleanup, and bunted his first time up. Thereafter he showed more punch, hitting three home runs, including a grand slam, as Atlanta won three out of five.

Over the past two years, Don Sutton of the Dodgers gave up an average of only one homer every 23 innings. Then, boom—or boom, boom, boom, boom, boom to be exact—and he lost to the Pirates 5-4. All last year the Pirates had hit only four homers in Los Angeles, but once they found the range—or the pepped-up balls—they kept hitting them. In the next two contests Pittsburgh put five more into the seats, but lost twice to the Dodgers, anyway.

San Diego should change its initials to LSD, for the Padres have been on some bad trips. By losing to the Braves 14-2 their road record became 1-10. At home, however, the Padres moved up to 10-11 as they got consecutive two-hit wins from Mike Caldwell and Bill Greif.

SP 25-11 HOUS 22-11 CIN 16-12
LA 16-12 ATL 11-10 SD 10-21

Tennis Test

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- What was the "Baxter scandal"?
- Under what circumstances can a player call a let while the point is going on?
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- What major pro championship this year barred the public from attending?
- Is nylon as good as gut?
- Does Arthur Ashe play good clay court tennis?
- Which books can help you learn tennis by yourself?
- How absolute is the right of a player to have a linesman removed?
- Are the heavy-duty halls used by champions?
- What two players have beaten Margaret Court this year?
- How do you serve a "lunker"?
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- Who is taking the lawn out of lawn tennis?
- Under what circumstances could one throw up a 400-foot lob?
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- Is it bad strategy to "poop" the ball?
- Who is the Volpa Volleyer?
- Should an overhead be hit in front of the body or actually "over the head"?
- How do you impart spin on a serve?
- How tightly should a racket be strung?
- What player hit a duck squarely amidships?
- How expensive are tennis camps?
- Where can you find gifts for a tennis lover?
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And now, for the first time in New York City—tilefish. Except from a radio commercial for King of the Sea Restaurant.

The tilefish is a strong, brightly colored species that grows to 50 pounds or more. It is reported to taste like lobster, and it is found on the edges of the continental shelf, 80 to 100 miles from land. Very few men have ever even seen one, but recently it has become the object of limited and occasionally agonizing scrutiny.

Special Tilefishing Trip
April 20 & May 25, 10 p.m.

This was how it must have looked in the slave galleys at night. The men were mumbling among themselves. Many sprawled on benches, nodding, rolling, heads and elbows banging with the pitch and yaw. In the bow above, the crew and captain squinted over charts or curled in corners. No one was lulled into deep sleep by the heaving sea or the drone of the engines.

The boat was the 115-foot *Tampa IV*, out of Brooklyn's Sheephead Bay. On deck, along the windward rail, 62 men stood rib to rib, fishing rods at the ready, and when a whistle blew, 200 pounds of lead went overboard. No less than two pounds per line would do, with the boat drifting and with the tilefish 450 feet down on the bottom. Five minutes passed, the baits hit bottom and rods bent double all along the rail.

It is a waiting game, fishing for tilefish, and a weighty one, but that is all. The tilefish has been called "the toughest fighting bottom fish that swims," mostly by fishing boat captains, and that kind of talk may be good business, but on this day the best fights were between tilefishermen, some of the world's most experienced. Each had barely two feet to work in, and the patience their lines wore around each other were marvels of geometry.

Aside from the arguments, there was little activity but work. Raising a 25-pounder through 450 feet of water meant up to half an hour of muscle stretching, but no reels "screamed," as the Zane Grey types put it. Pounds of lead held the tilefish down, 40-pound-test lines pulled them up and the wire some used was just more weight. The tilefish never had a chance. As they are yanked from the depths their air bladders often balloon from their mouths and the fish bob

Yanking tile off the ocean floor

helplessly on the surface, like giant spotted corks.

The person who named the species remains anonymous, and he deserves to. A tilefish is not orange, like a Spanish roof, or hard and shiny, like a bathroom floor. It is blue and yellow and silver, like a Peter Max hippie. The blue is rich and vivid, and it tinges the tail and anal fin. The body has a silver sheen, and all over its upper surface are tiny yellow spots that grow brighter as the fish dies. Most deep-water fish are somber toned, but this discrepancy fits the little we know of the species. The tilefish story is one oddity after another.

The first recorded sighting of a tilefish occurred only yesterday as science measures time, or in 1879. In May of that year an adventurous Gloucester codfisherman named William H. Kirby dropped his lines south of Nantucket in 900 feet of water, and caught 2,000 pounds—of what he didn't know. So he dumped it all back overboard. But the next day he kept a few, and sent one to the Smithsonian, which did not know, either. In July one William Dempsey caught some tilefish in the same area, and he called them leopard fish. It was a good name, but the ichthyologists came up with *Lopholatilus chamaeleonticeps* and someone got tilefish out of *tilis*. Soon after that—maybe it was the shock—the tilefish ap-

parently became extinct. Millions of them died, and the species vanished.

But only for 10 years. In 1892 tilefish appeared again, and from 1915 to 1917 the species enjoyed brief popularity as a food fish. It was plentiful and easily caught and quickly forgotten for 50 years.

Bruce Freeman, a Federal fisheries biologist who is preparing the first major study on tilefish, says: "This is a virgin fishery, and there aren't supposed to be any of those left. It's unique in this day and age, and it's close to civilization. If we start keeping data now we can see what fishing pressure does to a population. It will be a unique exercise in science."

It was 1969 when the first party-boat catches of tilefish were brought ashore at Atlantic City, N.J. Captain Andy Applegate had been fishing for cod, and he discovered very rough bottom 80 miles east of port in 450 feet of water. "We dropped our lines," he says, "and there they were—tilefish, 20 pounders." On that first trip 86 fish were caught, and now Applegate makes six to 10 tilefish trips a year. His boat is 65 feet long and can travel at 17 knots, a speed that is necessary to cover the distances involved.

All tilefish are caught along the edges of an underwater cleft called the Hudson Canyon, where the river once cut its way through what was then the shoreline to the sea. The Atlantic was as much as 600 feet lower then, and what is now the continental shelf was dry land. But that was 20,000 years ago or more, and there were probably no tilefish.

Fifty pounds, or just above, appears to be the maximum size for tilefish, and a fish of about 48 pounds was the big winner on the *Tampa IV* that day. More than 200 tilefish were taken aboard, and everyone was ashore by 9 p.m.

"Too bad they're so deep," said Victor Becker, the *Tampa IV's* captain. "If they ever came in shallow water they'd fight, and you'd never land them."

Yes, too bad. Not catching them would be a lot more sensible than catching them is now.

A one-pound lobster is going for \$8.95 at King of the Sea this week, a tilefish fillet for \$5.50. Tilefish does not taste like lobster. It does not taste like much of anything. "It's a novelty," says the restaurant's buyer.





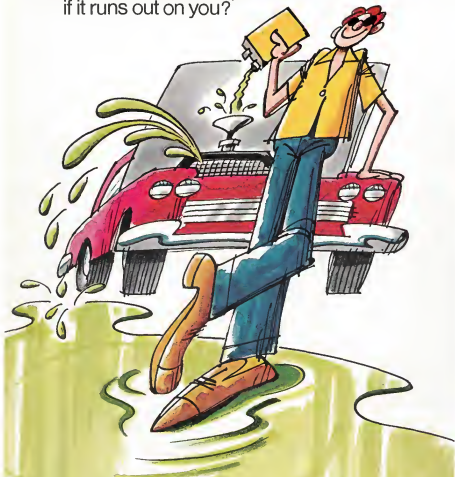
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It was anything but a Moysian fit

Alphonse Moyse Jr. of New York recently became the fourth person and the first American to be named an honorary member by the International Bridge Press Association. Sonny Moyse is the dean of American bridge writers, the senior member of a small army of ghosts whose columns bore the name of Ely Culbertson. For more than 20 years (1934-56), Moyse produced 14 syndicated newspaper columns a week—he wrote those signed by Josephine Culbertson, in addition to those signed by Ely—and for sheer volume nobody else comes close. During this time some masterly contributions to the theory of the game appeared under his own byline.

Even today one need only listen to Moyse argue, or re-read a hearty sampling of his writings, to discover that he takes his bridge seriously. In fact Moyse is so fond of a good argument that one may still hear the rumble of his deep voice raised on either side of a bridge debate—as long as he is not required to defend the complex maneuvers of those players he contemptuously refers to as “the scientists.” Sonny is a stern traditionalist when it comes to bidding methods. Indeed, his most enduring fame may rest on his unshakable advocacy of opening bids on four-card major suits. To defend his position, Moyse frequently cited instances when a 4-3 trump suit triumphed where all else would have failed, with the result that this kind of contract became known worldwide as “the Moysian fit.”

Moyse's most popular articles, which appeared from time to time in *The Bridge World* magazine, of which he was publisher and editor-in-chief when he retired in 1966, were a series of stories about the bridge exploits of his wife Jackie. No one, least of all Jackie herself, has ever claimed that she shares her husband's skill. Indeed, most of the yarns he has spun about her hinge upon the fortuity of her blunders. Here is one example.

Moyse was playing in a high-stakes game at his club when his partner, a surgeon, got a telephone call summoning him to an emergency operation. As Sonny remembers it, the announcement of the call gave him a premonitory chill. Why? Because Jackie, who had been kibitzing all along, was the only other player available to fill in. Sure enough, the doctor matter-of-factly proposed that Jackie take his place, then had the temerity to say to his opponents, “That is, if it's all right with you two.”

Moyse was in a predicament, and it is difficult to see how he could have gotten out of it. As it was, Sonny rationalized. “It is just barely possible that in previous narratives I may have exaggerated the bridge prowess of my otherwise adored wife,” he wrote later. “If, in the past, I enthused

over this bid or that play of hers, it is conceivable that I may have embellished. Now my chickens are coming home to roost.”

So his wife played, and there ensued a series of astonishing results. Here is how Moyse described the culminating hand of the game, on which Jackie was the declarer.

“The bidding in this deal (*shown below*)—particularly Jackie's—was not what is generally known as conventional. To make things easier for my readers I will state forthwith what was revealed to me only at long last—that Jackie had somehow or other mixed up her black cards, and what she took to be the ace and king of spades turned out to be the ace and king of clubs!

“I spread my hand, and after one look, Jackie jumped six inches straight up! What was the spade ace doing there when she had it? To my horror, I saw her amazement change

*Both sides vulnerable
South dealer*

		NORTH	
WEST			EAST
		SOUTH	
SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
4 ♠	PASS	6 ♠	PASS
PASS	DOUBLE	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: King of hearts

Continued

"I fought my way past all the pugs now it was over"

"GOOD BYE NICK"

My name was Kid Sugar. And I coulda been champ. I earned the title shot . . . the hard way. But the commissioner wouldn't give me the fight.

"Nick," he said, (he always called me Nick because of the cuts and scrapes I got from shaving.) "with all those marks on your face, the doctor would stop the fight before the first bell."

I'd never been cut, not in the ring. I pleaded for my chance. "Sorry Nick, my hands are tied." It was good-bye Nick. Hello skids. I fought my way past all the pugs in all the tank towns in America and now it was over.

I sat in front of my locker, trying on my gloves for the last time, when inside one of them I found a package and a note. It was a Gillette Techmatic® razor. The note said, "Nicky, I'd rather you'd have finished your violin lessons. But if boxing is your life . . . Good Luck, Mom." The Techmatic razor had a continuous band, no sharp corners to cut my face. It was light, had balance for a smooth, safe shave. All enclosed in a safety cartridge so I'd never have to touch a blade again.

Shortly thereafter I was sitting with Mom at the symphony, when the tall, gray-haired man approached. "Hello, commissioner," I said. "Hello, Champ!"



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to consternation and then saw her peek out two cards and transfer them hastily to the other end of her hand.

"But now that Jackie had found the explanation to what had appeared an eerie matter, she regained her aplomb, and soon my eyes were popping to the finest performance of even her distinguished career. She took the heart king with the ace and, perhaps because she loves to ruff, ruffed a heart. She also loves to finesse, so she promptly finessed for the spade king. When my 10 held she was so pleased that she looked on East's failure to follow suit as merely another 'detail.' A second heart ruff and a second spade finesse, to the jack, reduced her to the queen-9 of trumps.

"It is no part of my intention to claim that my wife takes smother plays in her stride. It is worth observing that she could have cashed the spade ace, cleaned up the clubs, then thrown West in with the spade king, forcing a diamond return from the king. But, as compared with that humdrum routine line, Jackie's technique was a work of art.

"She did not cash the spade ace. She cashed the clubs, ending in her hand."

Moyse's story goes on but suffice it to say that Jackie next led the queen of diamonds, which was covered by the king and won with the ace. Next came the jack of diamonds and a low diamond. East was in and no matter what he returned, West was unable to make a trick with his guarded spade king after Jackie had trumped, even though dummy's ace was alone.

When the hand was done, Sonny raved. "A smother play, a smother play. Why, Baby, do you know that there aren't more than a couple of hundred players in the country who can execute one of those?"

It was then that Jackie explained about having mistaken the ace and king of clubs for the ace and king of spades, and apologized for her opening bid. "Next time, I'll bring my glasses," she said, "and then I'll play a lot better."

That ended the rubber and the story. No doubt I have done less than justice to the Moysean flavor by quoting from only a part of one of his many Jackie stories. But perhaps some day soon they will all be collected into a book. I for one will want a copy. Autographed by Jackie, of course.

END

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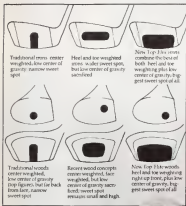
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When it was finally over—after Peter Mahovlich had lost a few dozen free-offs to Stan Mikita, after Valeri Kharlamov had watched Ken Dryden and Tony Esposito masquerade as a couple of scared rookie goaltenders from Minsk, after captain Henri Richard of the Montreal Canadiens had skated around Chicago Stadium carrying the Stanley Cup over his shoulder like a gunnysack—it was impossible to forget reports of the verbal exchange between Yvan Cournoyer and Jerry Korab just seconds before Cournoyer scored the goal that beat the Black Hawks and won the cup for the Canadiens. As they lined up alongside one another for a face-off early in the third period last Thursday night, the 6'3", 205-pound Korab, who answers to the name of King Kong, loomed over the 5'7", 172-pound Cournoyer.

"Hey, you little frog," Korab snarled, "what are you going to be when you grow up?"

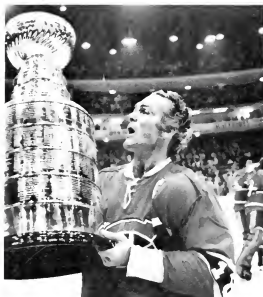
"Something you'll never be," Cournoyer answered. "A goal scorer."

While Korab was thinking that over, Jacques Lemaire stole the puck from him and broke away with Cournoyer. "Yvan was right beside me at the Chicago blue line," Lemaire said, "but I took the lead and..."

"You what?" said Cournoyer, who has never lost a race to anyone. "Jacques, my friend, you went one way to the net and I went another. Korab was in front of me and I had to go around him."

Cournoyer eluded Korab without any great difficulty and there he was back-handing Lemaire's rebound past Esposito for the decisive score, his record-setting 15th goal of the playoffs. Next, before the bewildered Black Hawks could recover, Cournoyer neatly set up Marc Tardif for an insurance goal as the Canadiens won the game 6-4 and clinched the cup four games to two. Then the silver-haired, 37-year-old Richard, playing for his 11th cup championship in 18 years, proudly led his mates to a night-long group therapy session with his old friend Piper-Heidsieck.

"All those years," Richard said, "all I ever wanted to do was skate around the ice with the cup. I watched Butch Bouchard skate with it, I watched Maurice, my brother, and I watched Jean Beliveau, too. They told me it was the great-



Mastery of Chicago was sweet for Henri Richard and his Montreal teammates, but a time of turbulence lies ahead for all pro hockey

Victory—and reckoning

est feeling in the world. Now I know what they meant. But I always thought the cup was very heavy. When I picked it up I couldn't believe it. The thing is lighter than a feather."

Maybe so, but at one point last week Richard and the Canadiens must have thought the cup was heavier than Korab. There they were in the friendly Montreal Forum, leading the Black Hawks three games to one and obviously anxious to win it all in front of the adoring *Quebecois*. Also in the audience was Kharlamov, the Russian who had made Team Canada's defensemen look so inept last September. "I am here to watch the two best goaltenders in the world,"

he said, trusting that word would not get back to Vladislav Tretiak, the outstanding Russian goalie, in Moscow.

What Kharlamov watched instead was basketball-on-ice as both Dryden and Esposito played as though their face masks were upside down, with the eye slits at their chins. In a normal game Dryden and Esposito will allow roughly one goal for every 17 shots fired at them, in this slam-dunk exhibition they fanned on one of every four shots and permitted the gaudy total of 15 goals, leaving Kharlamov in shock and prompting 44-year-old Gump Worsley to announce his un-retirement from the Minnesota North Stars. The score was tied five times, while

continued



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the lead changed three times. Montreal scored first but never led after 7:09 of the second period. Happily for the Hawks, they happened to be hanging on to an 8-7 advantage when the shooting gallery mercifully closed for the night.

"We ran around like chickens with our heads cut off," Richard mumbled. "Did you ever see so many mistakes in one game? Ever? We played stupid." About the only player who did not contribute to the shoddiness was Center Stan Mikita, who scored two goals himself and directly set up two others for the Black Hawks although he was playing with a painful bruise on the middle finger of his right hand.

"If Mikita played baseball," said Peter Mahovich of the Canadiens, "he'd be on the disabled list for a month." Mikita's two goals came on artful deflections in front of Dryden, his two assists while he was giving Mahovich personalized instruction in the art of winning important face-offs. Both times Mikita was sent out by Coach Billy Reay expressly to take a face-off from Mahovich, younger brother of Frank, the Canadian whose scoring record Cournoyer was to break.

Mikita, who is six years wiser, eight inches shorter and 40 pounds lighter than the gangling Mahovich, won the first face-off cleanly, slid the puck back to Defenseman Len Frig and—zap—the rookie fired it past Dryden into the net. A few minutes later Mikita beat Mahovich again, skated up-ice and set up Jim Pappin for another Chicago goal. When Mahovich and Mikita squared off the next time, the Montreal player shook his head and began talking to Mikita.

"Stan," he said. "If you don't let me win one of these things pretty soon, Scotty [Montreal Coach Bowman] won't put me on the ice again. Be a nice guy, will you, and give me a break. Cripes, I'm cheating every way I can but I still can't even touch the puck."

As it ultimately turned out, Mikita's brilliant performance only earned a 48-hour stay of execution for the Black Hawks. "We skated with them for two periods in the final game," said a weary Mikita, "but we didn't have anything left to give after that." For their efforts Mikita and his teammates were consoled with \$14,000 apiece, while each of the Canadiens collected \$19,000. "It's just end-of-the-fest," said Mahovich with a grin.

Having disposed of Chicago and the

NHL by losing only 15 of 95 games all year, Montreal in theory now would have to defeat the New England Whalers and the Russians before staking claim to the title of world's best hockey team. Sadly, there are no plans for such contests, although the Whalers have offered a challenge. While the Canadiens no doubt would be hard-pressed to beat the Russians, Richard, Cournoyer & Co. probably would win a series with the World Hockey Association champions by four to one. Even Whaler Coach Jack Kelley admits that.

"I know where the talent is," Kelley says. "I think it will take four or five years before we're able to go out there against the best in the NHL. But don't forget, they laughed at the New York Jets before they won the Super Bowl."

How good are the Whalers? Before Chicago's 8-7 victory in Montreal, every NHL official worth his blazer was chortling over the loosely played final game of the WHA's championship series two days earlier in which the Whalers out-gunned Bobby Hull's Winnipeg Jets 9-6. "That game set hockey back to the 1930s," laughed one NHL traditionalist. "Those teams could not spell the word defense." Neither, then, could the Black Hawks and the Canadiens. "At least we only set the sport back to the 1940s," the same man said later.

If the Whalers had played in the NHL, all season, they would have pressed Buffalo for the final playoff spot in the East Division or battled Philadelphia and Minnesota for second place in the West. Without question, the Whalers were a better team than the St. Louis Blues, who finished in fourth place in the NHL West. Among other assets, the Whalers have the best goaltender in Boston, Al Smith, who might solve the Bruins' problems for the next decade if they could get him; four defensemen who are tougher, younger and better than the groups in Philadelphia and Minnesota; and some fast young forwards, particularly Tom Webster, Terry Cullen, Larry Pleau and Tim Sheehy, who could play anywhere in North America or Russia. "Our best years are ahead of us," Kelley says firmly.

Comparisons aside, both the NHL and the WHA face a crisis-filled summer. Suits, countersuits and counter-countersuits will reach the courts. There will be more player defections from the NHL to the WHA and perhaps some reverse de-

continued



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fections back to the NHL, is la Derek Sanderson. Goaltender Bernie Parent, who walked out on the WHA's Philadelphia Blazers during the playoffs, probably will return to the NHL Flyers next season. Last summer the WHA's aggressive raiders signed nearly 70 NHL players; this summer they expect to get at least 20 more. They are particularly interested in Center Ralph Backstrom and Defenseman Pat Stapleton of the Black Hawks and Defenseman Don Awrey of the Bruins. "But on the whole," says WHA President Gary Davidson, "we'd rather sign a large number of the best young amateurs."

The WHA's main target will be a 20-year-old center, Tom Lysiak of the Medicine Hat Tigers. Barring a last-minute trade before this week's draft, either the talent-rich Canadians or the woefully weak Vancouver Canucks will select Lysiak, who rates just behind Defenseman Denis Potvin as the best amateur in Canada. Potvin will sign with the New York Islanders, but Lysiak claims he will join the WHA if Montreal or Vancouver drafts him.

Losing Lysiak to the WHA would be another in a continuing series of damaging blows to the NHL's prestige and image. At present one NHL owner, Harold Ballard of the Maple Leafs, is in prison for theft of funds, while another owner, Tom Scullen of the Canucks, is free on \$25,000 bail after being convicted of the theft of \$3 million in club funds and of issuing a false stock prospectus. *By Dallas correspondent Howard St. million from Arthur M. Wirtz, the owner of the Black Hawks, to satisfy creditors, and now the NHL is confronted with the kind of conflict-of-interest question that used to arise when the Norris and Wirtz families controlled three of the six teams in the old NHL.*

On top of that, some other NHL owners recently embarrassed President Clarence Campbell by scheduling secret merger talks with some WHA owners. "I don't like to use scurrilous terms," Campbell says bitterly, "but what they did was a form of internal . . . well, you could almost say conspiracy. Fortunately for the NHL, though, some owners sat those talks out and acted rationally." Once word of the discussions leaked, the word merger was dropped from the NHL's vocabulary, mostly because the league's players' association threatened strong legal action.

Finally, the NHL faces a serious television problem. Indeed, NBC officials say that for all the grief the NHL gives them they would rather run a soap opera than a hockey schedule. "They demand blackouts in Chicago, rigid scheduling made up 10 months in advance and, believe it or not, a free feed to the theaters owned by the Black Hawks when their games are blacked out," says Chet Simmons, general manager of NBC Sports. Several weeks ago NBC officials and an NHL publicist argued bitterly in a control truck when the NHL man objected too loudly to NBC's mention on the air of the fact that Chicago Coach Billy Reay had invented a designated-speaker rule to keep the media away from his star players.

"All these are interim difficulties that will pass," Campbell says hopefully. "Unless the game is completely loused up by misdirection, it always will be a major sport because of its intrinsic nature." Maybe so, but as Simmons says and as Campbell admits, the NHL at present suffers from the lack of a centralized authority. "Who runs it, anyway?" Simmons asks. "We never know whether the NHL official we are talking with has any power." Campbell blames this on the fact that too many corporations that do not know much about hockey have become actively involved in franchise ownership. "If we could," he says, "we would go back to individual ownership, believe me. To get the type of control that Pete Rozelle has, you must have a fixed and definite source of authority in each club. Right now, I'm sorry to say, we don't have that."

Over in the WHA, meanwhile, Davidson is presiding over a number of franchise shifts and grants that will provide the league with greater financial stability. Last week the Philadelphia Blazers were sold to a Vancouver millionaire named Jim Pattison and he will move the team to his hometown. The WHA's most troubled franchise, the Dubuwa Nationals, has gone to Toronto. The New York Raiders will become the New York Golden Blades, with new management and money. "There also is a chance that Denver and Phoenix will be leaving the Western Hockey League and joining us this summer, and Cincinnati is set for 1974," Davidson says. "Believe me, right now the WHA is in 100% better shape than the American Basketball Association was after one season."

END



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S/131

Riding the crest of a winning wave

With his victory in the World Championship Tennis finals in Dallas last week, formerly the private fishing grounds of Messrs. Rosewall and Laver, Stan Smith proved he has left his competition high and dry

Those who feel that retirement is for bank presidents, not sports heroes, would do well to reflect on a flabby Joe Louis falling under the blows of Rocky Marciano, Jim Ryun sprawling awkwardly on the track in Munich and Arnold Palmer, bespectacled, sinking slowly in the wake of Jack Nicklaus. Now add two names from the 1973 World Championship Tennis finals held last week in Dallas. Stan Smith defeated Arthur Ashe for the title, but perhaps just as significantly the tournament showed the decline of those two semi-elderly Aussies, Ken Rosewall, 38, and Rod Laver, 34.

This championship, which brings together the eight top-ranking players from Lamar Hunt's lucrative three-month-long worldwide WCT tour, had twice in a row ended with Ken and Rod meeting in the final bracket that last week was usurped by Stan and Arthur. Each time Rosewall grabbed off the championship trophy. He beat Laver in four sets in 1971 and again last year in a five-set thriller. This year the tour was split into Group A and Group B, and so the selection format was altered slightly, with the four top players from each group qualifying for the grand finale in Dallas. Nevertheless, Rosewall, emerging from the Group B half of the draw, and Laver, representing Group A, squared off across the net for the third straight time.

But their reunion had taken a dismal sort of twist, for they played not for the \$50,000 first prize on Sunday, but in the loser's bracket. While Ashe and Smith relaxed at their motel, gearing up for their appearance on center stage the next day, the two Australians spent a lazy Saturday lunch hour at Moody Coliseum on the Southern Methodist campus, doggedly swinging away at each other for third place. They were the other half of a droll twin bill that included an exhibition doubles match between veterans

Pincho Segura and Don Budge teamed with Actors Charlton Heston and James Franciscus. It was a field day for celebrity chasers, yesterday freaks and mourners who like to attend wakes. Trivia experts will record that Rosewall beat Laver in straight sets, 6-3, 6-2.

There is nothing trivial about Stan Smith, the tall Californian with the wet-look blond hair, the wide mustache, the stiff honor-guard posture and the almost pious competitive temperament. Over the last few months Smith has had a lot to do with the fact that old soldiers Laver and Rosewall seem to be fading away. A victory at Forest Hills in 1971, a Wimbledon championship last summer and emphatic and crucial triumphs at the Davis Cup Final Round in Bucharest against the Rumanians are impressive credentials. Mustered out of the Army last November, Smith joined Hunt's WCT tour and this winter overshadowed Laver in Group A, not merely because he stands 6'4" to Laver's 5'8", but because he won six of the 11 tournaments (to the Rocket's three) and defeated him in their three final round matchups. To show he is also a good team man, Smith joined Bob Lutz to win the WCT's doubles championship—worth \$20,000 each—two weeks ago in Montreal.

Smith's winning touch was still evident in the first round at Dallas when he crushed John Alexander, 6-4, 6-2, 6-1. He displayed such a devastating assortment of overhead smashes and volleys, mixed with deftly flicked cross-court backhand winners that positively hummed with overspin, that the powerful and promising young Australian entreated Smith with mock cries for mercy. After yet another brilliant Smith sortie, Alexander leaped into a courtside box seat and sat with chin in hand comically contemplating his imminent doom. Then he sprang back on the court as the crowd howled

and someone called to his opponent, "Why don't you cut out the miracles and start playing tennis."

Later, Alexander described one reason why he had been able to beat Smith in two of their first three matches early in the winter but, like everyone else in the group, has lately found Smith all but unbeatable. It is not just miracles. The big hitter has acquired a surgeon's touch. "He's more solid all around," says Alexander, "but the most significant development is that little angled backhand of his. He always used to come down the line with his backhand and you could be there and beat him. Now you can't."

"It's just something I picked up from watching Rodney," says Smith, "and I've been working on it."

Something else that Smith has picked up in recent months is surprising speed and agility for a man so tall and large-footed—his sneakers are size 13. This he credits to a variety of stretching and yoga exercises he has been doing for a year and a half. In addition to his power, Smith now can retrieve like a terrier and get quickly to the net, where he makes an imposing obstacle.

It was this formidable weaponry that Laver, after winning in an uneven performance in the first round against Roy Emerson, had to face in the semis. Recent years for Laver have been rich in the stuff you put in a bank, but lean on trophies. Not since his Grand Slam of 1969 has the once untrackable Rocket won a major title. His two chances to win the WCT championship were thwarted by Rosewall. A bad back now pains him frequently, hampers his swing and saps his confidence. This year, it was rumored, he had decided that a victory at Dallas in May coupled with another at Wimbledon in July would be the perfect way to retire.

For a while it seemed he might have a



UNTIL RECENTLY IT WAS ROD LAVER, BUT AS OF NOW BIG STAN IS THE MAN TO BEAT

chance. With the sets even at one-all, Laver had two opportunities to break the American's serve in the 10th game of the third set and go ahead 2-1. But he could not do it, and ultimately lost a 7-6 tie breaker. "Stan's a different player when he's down and that was my chance," Laver said later.

Off the hook, Smith's competitive juices started flowing. Laver could never get the upper hand again, and Smith won the fourth set 7-5 to move into the finals.

It would have been poetic justice if the man he met there had been Rosewall instead of Ashe. Rosewall was the leading winner and most acerbic spokesman for players who all season long declared that being branded with the letter "B" cast them in a role as second-class citizens.

Could the aging leader from downtrodden Group B take on the big blond youth from privileged Group A, muffle his power and thus hurl shame and confusion into the ranks of those who would dare discriminate?

Nope. As it turned out that job would have to be left to Ashe, no slouch as a spokesman himself. Exhausted from a tough five-set victory over England's Roger Taylor that had dragged on until 12:50 a.m. that same morning, Rosewall could not overcome the comparative youth and strong serve of the 29-year-old Ashe. Shuffling from sideline to sideline like a man in ski boots, Rosewall dropped the first two sets, 4-6 and 2-6, revived to win the next two 7-5, 6-1 when Arthur grew careless, but finally ran out

of adrenalin and lost by a decisive 6-2 in the fifth set. So off went Rosewall to that third-place playoff.

Ashe is not quite ready to rank the World Championship tournament with Wimbledon or Forest Hills, but he considers it close. "It's a big thing, a pressure tournament, a big occasion," he said before taking on Smith. "But the difference here is that you only have to win three straight matches to be the champion. At the others you've got to win seven straight. Still, if you don't believe there is a lot of pressure here just look at the guys who lost in the first round. Except for Emerson, none of them had ever won a major championship. The rest of us have. We've been there before and can handle it. At the least this shows who is champion of the first four-and-a-half months. Maybe not for Smith, who has been winning a lot lately, but for someone like me this could set up the whole year."

When Smith beat Laver in the semifinals, Ashe decided he knew what that meant, too. "It stamps Stan as the undisputed No. 1 in the world," he said. "Maybe even if I beat him."

Arthur's credentials were pretty solid. He was the runner-up at Forest Hills last September, losing to Ili Nastase in five sets. Later in the fall he won the \$25,000 first prize at the WCT's championship playoff following its 12-event autumn series. In that one he beat a strong field that included John Newcombe, Tom Okker and Marty Riessen. In addition, he had been building momentum on the WCT winter tour, reaching the finals at the last two events. The question at Dallas was, would he be the runner-up again?

"When Stan and I got together the match can go any which way," he said. "We're like two double barreled shotguns firing from 78 feet. He could bludgeon me or I could bludgeon him."

As it turned out, it was Ashe who got gunned down. Smith won the first two sets 6-3, 6-3, dropped the third 4-6, but was never in any real danger. He won the fourth set 6-4 to pick up the \$30,000. It was not the best tennis Smith has ever played, especially in the third and fourth sets, but he has reached the stage where he can be slightly off his top form and still beat practically anyone in the world.

"I've always claimed Laver was the best," Smith said after the match. "Today is the first time I feel comfortable in saying that maybe I am."

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The second sex engages in a first

It may come as something of a surprise, even to those who consider themselves to be knowledgeable about the sport, but there are now two bona fide national collegiate track and field championships. One, of course, is the annual NCAA ti-

tle event to be held next month at Louisiana State. The other took place last weekend at California State Hayward. The relative obscurity of the Hayward affair is accounted for by the fact that it was a meet for the other half of the collegiate population, girls. Hayward was the championship of what some malcontented French broad once called the second sex.

Beyond the obvious one—the gender of the athletes—the differences between what happened at the AIAW (Association of Intercollegiate Athletics for Women) championship in Hayward and what will happen at the NCAA championship in Baton Rouge were many and instructive in both athletic and other terms. For one, the names of the schools competing—and not competing—in the women's meet would strike

a track buff as curious. Nobody showed up to represent UCLA, Villanova or Tennessee, since these institutions either do not have a female track team or did not want to go to the bother and expense of sending their women to Hayward. Some schools regarded as being major athletic powers—the Oregonians, Kansas States, Texas Techs and Minnesotas—did show, but they were minor factors at Hayward. The bullies were such institutions as Cal State L.A., Seattle Pacific, Hayward itself and especially Texas Woman's University, which won the meet.

Perhaps the most striking difference between the AIAW and NCAA championships was in the quality of competition. The NCAA is usually one of the two best meets of the outdoor season (the AAU championship being the other). In a good year a few American records and occasionally a world mark will be approached or broken. The Hayward affair was first rate in terms of facilities and organization, but the performances were relatively poor. For example, this was the first year in which qualifying standards were required. It was also only the second year in which the organization had sponsored a national event and the first that, in respect to athletes (over 350) and schools (61), could be called major. The AIAW standards were far less restricting than those of the women's national AAU championship. Thus to qualify in the AIAW a woman had to have run the 100 in 12.0, while for the AAU she cannot qualify unless she has been clocked in 10.8. In the mile the respective collegiate and AAU standards are 6:00 and 5:00, in the shot 33' and 43'.

The reason for this is not that higher education makes young women soft and slothful. It is that the educational system, which coddles and encourages male athletes, has shown very little interest in females. Competition and training facilities have been all but nonexistent, and only a handful of women have ever received athletic scholarships.

None of the females at Hayward had been recruited and paid to represent their schools. Had they been, they could not have competed because the AIAW has had a rule barring students with athletic scholarships from its championship. (Under threat of a lawsuit from a Florida junior college which wanted to recruit tennis players, the rule was abolished a month ago, but it was still in force at Hayward.)



COACH BERT LYLE BASKS WITH HIS TRIUMPHANT TEXAS WOMAN'S UNIVERSITY SQUAD

continued

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TRACK & FIELD *continued*

One effect of the anti-scholarship rule was to keep the best women's track team, Tennessee State, from taking part at Hayward. TSU, which has contributed 30 Olympians during the past 16 years, gives up to 12 scholarships according to Coach Ed Temple.

Since high schools, and especially colleges, have not offered much to women in the way of track and field, girls with a serious interest in the sport have been developed in and through small, private, generally impecunious AAU clubs. This fact of female sporting life was also evident at Hayward. Of the 13 individual events, 11 were won by women who were essentially AAU club competitors who happened to be of college age.

The disparity in talent and experience between the AAU athletes who were also often internationalists (such as Jane Frederick in the pentathlon, Jarvis Scott in the 440, Marilyn King in the long jump, Pam Greene in the 220 and Lynette Matthews in the shot and discus) and the school-trained competitors was considerable. To cite one case, Kathy Sloan, a University of Illinois freshman who ran the mile at Hayward, had no running experience before coming to college. Nevertheless, she had done well in strictly collegiate competition in the Midwest. Though she turned in a personal best of 5:48 she finished far up the track in her heat and did not make the finals.

A notable exception was provided by Texas Woman's University, and the team victory of the Denton girls was especially appropriate under the circumstances. In the first place, it was a women's school winning a women's championship. Also, TWU is for the most part a college team rather than a collection of AAU-trained athletes. A school of some 6,100 women, with strong departments of nursing, health, phys ed and recreation, TWU sponsors nine intercollegiate sports for girls. The college also has for a track coach Dr. Bert Lyle, one of the better teachers and technicians for students of either sex, who started the TWU team six years ago.

The AIAW championship, at which TWU rolled up 64 points to 40 for runner-up Cal State Hayward, which scored largely on the performances of three AAU types, showed that Lyle has something besides coaching know-how going for him. In a word, it is talent, and most of it has been home grown. Of the 14-woman squad Lyle brought to Hayward,

only two girls, Marilyn McClung and Audrey Reid, were outsiders in the sense that they had track reputations before matriculating. McClung, who has run for the L.A. Track Club, placed fourth in the 440 (behind three other club runners) and ran legs on TWU's winning 440 and mile-relay teams. Reid, the meet's outstanding athlete, is a Jamaican who has taken part in two Olympics and holds the American All-Comers record of 6' 1/2" in the high jump. At Hayward she placed sixth in the 100, third in the 100-meter hurdles, anchored the 440-relay team and won the high jump with a leap of 5' 8". "Perhaps I might have been a bit higher," she said, "but I was glad to help the team. Team is very important for us."

Team is indeed very important for the TWU girls who, unlike the collections of AAU clubbers, showed a lot of college spirit, psyching each other up, consoling the disappointed and whooping and hollering Texas style as they scored points in 10 events.

"We are not permitted to recruit," says Lyle, "but I lecture and give a few clinics around the state. We're pretty well publicized, too. If a girl hears about our track program and makes inquiries, I of course encourage her." Among the most impressive of those Lyle has encouraged is Rochelle Davis, a 19-year-old sprinter from Weslaco, Texas. Davis took the 100 in 10.6, good time in any women's league. She then came back to run a 24.4, which got her second place in the 220, and ran a leg in the 440 relay.

"This meet was a step in the right direction," Lyle said when it was over. "There was some good if not great competition. Changing that scholarship rule was a good thing, too. Let's face it, if Ed Temple was here his girls could have turned this thing around, but I'd like to see them come. You don't get better unless you go up against the best. If the colleges decide to put the money and effort into women's track that they do into men's, why then the sport and this meet will be first class. But I'm not sure how many schools really want good competitive programs for women. If they don't, then we and everybody else who want to give girls a chance to develop will have to keep on looking to the AAU. I'm not really pushing on either side. I just want these girls of ours to have a chance to run and jump."

As they did at Hayward in the second sex's championship.

END

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In an essay on two cultures, a noted English novelist assesses some rugged similarities in our ball games, including the notion that a bumper at the Adam's apple rivals our stick-it-in-his-ear

Making



A Pitch for Cricket

by John Fowles

It was not very wonderful that Catherine . . . should prefer cricket, baseball, riding on horseback, and running about the country at the age of fourteen, to books. . . .

JANE AUSTEN *Northanger Abbey* (1818)

What is human life but a game of cricket?

THE DUKE OF DORSET (1777)

Britain and America were created, as every serious historian knows, just to see how profoundly two cultures sharing a common language can fail to understand each other. Nowhere is that more clearly demonstrated than in the malignant mutual travesty that concerns our respective summer games. You smugly know we English are impossible because of our attachment to the incomprehensible ritual of cricket; we smugly know you Americans will never grow up because of your seriousness over a game we reserve for beach picnics. You don't even call it by its proper name, which is rounders. One plays rounders with a moribund tennis ball and any old bit of wood for a bat. Every decent Englishman knows that, and that "baseball" is sheer Yankee gall—trying to hide a stolen patent under a new trade name. Of course, every decent American, who equally knows baseball was handed straight from God to Abner Doubleday at Cooperstown in 1839, will spit on such a foul imputation.

Alas, poor truth. Chauvinists from either side who go to bat for the kind of view above can be retired to the bench very fast indeed by any dispassionate historian. There is hard textual evidence that baseball was played in England, *and under that name*, well back into the 18th century. But Americans can take heart. The further back one goes, the closer the two games seem to interweave and the plainer it becomes that we are dealing with a pair of twin brothers. It is not at all certain which is the senior sibling. My

continued





*It is a sport of speed and
agility. At left, England's
Alan Knott, the world's best
cricket catcher, snares one.*

Cricket continued



Australian Denis Lillee, the game's fastest pitcher, starts his 40-yard "gallop," reaches delivery point and fires.

own guess is that the shadowy father, the *Ur-game*, was a good deal more like his emigrant son Baseball than the introverted child who stayed at home.

They say an intrepid British secret agent once peered out of a Siberian forest at the mind-bending sight of a meadow of white-clad figures sporting themselves before an English village—thatched cottages, ancient pub and all the rest. But our man guessed in a flash what he had stumbled on: a KGB spy school designed to counter the most fiendish of all British cover-blowing techniques—the request for a brief rundown on the finer points of cricket.

Faced with the same task I know exactly how those would-be Soviet espionage aces must have felt. I can only pray that the basecricketballese I have had to resort to, and which will undoubtedly cause a few major coronaries among elderly British punts, does give some idea of our game. I am not, however, going to get into one grisly swampland where many brave essayists have met a tragic end: explaining the detailed rules. All Americans need understand is that whatever the obvious superficial differences between the two modern games, they are both about *precisely* the same things: pitching and batting, catching and fielding, running and tagging bases. What is fascinating indeed is this remarkable similarity at heart and the considerable difference in present-day ethos and practice, and what that paradox has to say about our two nations.

The first reference to the two games' common ancestor, club ball, is in a 13th-century illuminated manuscript. Many variations of club ball developed (hockey and golf among them), and descriptions of the earliest forms are speculative. One version has it that the bases were just holes in the ground and that the striker could only be caught out or tagged out if a fielder hit the running striker with the ball or "popped" it into a base hole before the striker could reach sanctuary. The ball was tossed or bowled underhand, which is why we still, very misleadingly, call our cricket pitchers "bowlers." As in preleague baseball, the pitcher was merely a feeder, and under the striker's command.

What seems to have happened is that this archetypal version of the game went across the Atlantic with the early settlers before an important series of innovations

became general in the mother country. The "living fossil" descendant in England is rounders. Visiting Americans who see it played here by boys (and girls) must not think it is some crass British notion of how baseball is played. What they are really watching is the fluid and very delightful game that every 17th and 18th century American must have known—as "old-cat" or "town ball"—before it was coded into baseball. We've all here played rounders when we were children, and one reason we can't get on with baseball is simply that the ferocious professionalism and strict rules of the developed American game seem to us (in our ignorance) like an elephant trying to imitate a chickadee. In rounders you tend to make as many bases as fancy pleases, and the diamond becomes very polyhedral. But the two games are virtually identical in principle.

Grass seems to have been a vital factor in the divergence of the two senior sports. In southern England an early fondness grew for having an upright mark for the pitcher to aim at behind the home plate. Two variants appeared: in one the mark was a tree stump; in the other, played on the short-turfed and treeless hills we call downs in Kent, Sussex and Hampshire, the shepherd boys would set up the movable gate, or wicket, they used in their sheep pens. We retain a memory of this medieval division between "woodland" and "downland" cricket¹ in our name for the three basemarkers sticks of today's game still called with equal frequency the "stumps" or the "wicket."

Two more specific characteristics of cricket now arose. The presence of a home-plate marker instead of a hole in the ground led to a new method of putting the batter out: if the pitcher made a strike on the marker, the man with the bat was done for. As time went on, the marker became a thin planted stick, then two sticks and finally a third. In order to know if the side of one of the outer sticks had just been snicked by a pitch, two crosspieces (called "bails") were balanced on top. That gives us the 28-inch-tall, nine-inch-wide, three-stick target of modern cricket.

The second characteristic we owe to the fact that it was the hill shepherds' version of the game that eventually con-

continued

¹ "Cricket," first clearly recorded in 1598, means a small stick—or bat.

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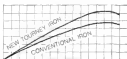
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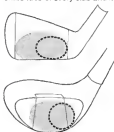
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quered the woodland kind. A feature of many English villages was a central and well-grazed common pasture, the "village green," whose short turf could possibly reproduce the downland conditions. One may guess that the shepherd boys had already learned that on short grass the bounced pitch pays handsome dividends, which in turn argues that the pitchers in their game were not content merely to "feed" the batters. But this made nonsense of the old rule of three chances only at hitting, which baseball still retains. In cricket that sank without trace, and ever since our batters have stayed in for as long as they can avoid being put out actively—having their stumps hit by a pitch, being caught on the fly, tagged off base, and so on. Mere failure to connect is no crime.

Exactly when these developments took place we do not know, but cricket seems to have risen from an obscure peasant and children's pastime to general sport in the late 17th century. It was helped on by Cromwell's Commonwealth, when many royalist sympathizers had to lead an idle country life. The first publicly recorded match took place in 1697, the first written laws date from 1744, the first mention of the game in America comes in 1751 (at New York). We know that by that time the bounced pitch was becoming universal and the hostile role permitted the pitcher—not adopted by baseball until the late 19th century—was also general.

Seventeenth century American settlers, on the other hand, cannot have had much time—in the case of the Puritans, no time at all—for frivolous games. Furthermore, they lacked the indispensable fields of short turf, if they pitched at all, one imagines it must have been high over the hay.

It seems logical to infer from all this that since the kind of conditions that dictated the haphazard, makeshift nature of the early medieval sport also applied in colonial America, baseball is the more genuinely "antique" version of the ancestral game. It is cricket, especially in the period 1740-1840, that metaphorically emigrated and became the new fangled of the two sports. If we forget this today it is because the game's basic principles were laid down in that period and it remains at heart an 18th century gentleman's invention, with a characteristic avoidance of direct body-to-body con-

tact.³ Baseball was of course codified later, and so in that sense seems more modern. Cricket is allied to the fencing rapier, to country squares, to amateurism; baseball to the pugilist's bare-knuckle fist, to a noncaste society, to professionalism.

That emphatically does not mean that cricket was soft and snobbish in its early heyday. It received noble patronage mainly because it proved a heaven-sent opportunity for gambling (the enormous stakes often wagered explain why the rules were formulated so clearly) and drinking;⁴ it also required 22 men for a match, and there were seldom enough gentlemen to make up two teams—so they hired their own professionals and let their servants and villagers play with them on equal terms. Indeed, all the rum-hustious ills (drunkenness, rioting, umpire bating, pro-snatching, match fixing) that were to beset baseball in the late 19th century are uncannily well foreshadowed in Georgian cricket. In 1796 the headmaster of Eton College flogged the entire cricket team after it had lost a match—not because the players had lost but because they had dared even to take part in so dissolute an activity. The game did not really lose its aura of the disreputable until the 1830s. The myth of the "clean and manly national sport" was very much a Victorian invention.

The advent of the bounced pitch and the consequent need for one strap of really good "true" turf explains another peculiarity of cricket: the two-base system. Instead of a diamond, things were reduced to the batting and pitching boxes with the best turf between them. Runs are made only between these two boxes. To distribute wear and tear on the turf, home plate and mound are reversed after every six pitches from any one direction, so the catcher (in cricket the "wicket-keeper"—and the only fielder allowed gloves, by the way) and the nine other fielders have to change position or ends. This constant switch round explains why there are three stumps at either end of

the batting "track." The bowlers themselves can also change ends, but not in any two consecutive six-pitch spells. In general a cricket pitcher works from one end until he is tired or shown to be ineffective, and another pitcher takes his place. He won't come from the bullpen though, since substitutes and reliefs are forbidden in cricket except in cases of genuine injury—and even then they can't bat or pitch, only field.

The two sets of base marker "stumps" (mound to home plate, in effect) are 66 feet apart, against baseball's 60 feet six inches. This antediluvian common measure is much closer than it looks, since the cricket batter stands in front of his plate and the pitcher "bows" from in front of his. The actual flight distance of the ball from hand to bat therefore remains very similar to baseball, as does the speed of the fastest pitches in both games—around the 100-mph mark. Even the two balls are nearly identical in size and weight, a baseball being fractionally larger but lighter than its hard, leather-covered cricket equivalent.

Cricket runs are scored up and down this two-base line. There are always two batters on the field. The in-play man faces the pitcher, beside whom stands the out-of-play batter. If the in-play batter makes a scoring hit, he runs to the mound end, while his out-of-play colleague runs down to the in-play batter's position—and becomes the batter for the next pitch, if only one run was possible. When the pitching switches ends, whichever batter happens to be at the new home-plate end is in play.

Another important difference in cricket batting is that there is a 360° fair-ball zone—no foul lines. A hit is good to any part of the ground. The two batters can score as many runs (one for each switch of bases) as they like. In practice more than three actually run runs are rare. This is because a hit that crosses the ground limit is given an automatic score without running—four runs if it goes over on the bounce, six if it carries on the fly. During a five-day international match a thousand runs or more will often be scored by the end of the game (in which each team normally has two innings, though the batting team can "declare" an inning closed short of completion if it thinks it has amassed the runs it needs).

The differences between baseball grow and grow as we come into the 20th century, but the extraordinarily close kin-

³ A running cricket batter cannot be obstructed or touched in any way; tagging is strictly confined to hitting the base stumps off the ball. On the other hand, cricket pitchers can legitimately aim at the batter's body—and pistol the hell out of him.

⁴ At least one London pub owner was paying graft for the ball park beer concession as early as 1668.

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ship in certain fundamentals endures. In their deepest imagery both sports are about protecting property against attack (in cricket slang the home-plate stumps are even known as the "castle") and the corollary need to go out and raid to survive. In both games there is a delicious ambivalence of assault and defense, of slipping through sage lines, of setting traps and ambushes, making false sacrifices; in both games the same marked stress on physical courage and agility, on impudence, stealing, conning, bluffing, risking. In both games a recurrent and deliberately manufactured personal crisis: a confrontation of pitcher and batter with everyone else temporarily in the wings, just nurses and assistants around the surgeon and his patient—though that is a very bad analogy, since the surgeon means to kill here. The bulling, matador and beast, is a better parallel.

Though I like the various forms of football in the world, I don't think they begin to compare with these two great Anglo-Saxon ball games for sophisticated elegance and symbolism. Baseball and cricket are beautiful and highly stylized medieval war substitutes, chess made flesh, a mixture of proud chivalry and base—in both senses—greed. With football we are back to the monotonous clashed armor of the brontosaurus.

Baseball is a highly extrovert game, very easy to like fast—accessible, in a word, just as Americans themselves are outgoing in comparison with the English—and cricket, please note, is quintessentially English, *not* British. There is only one Welsh major league team and none at all from Scotland or Ireland. Cricket never appealed to the Celtic temperament, perhaps because it is so injured and self-absorbed, so indifferent to pleasing the public. It is almost as if the English decided to invent a national secret instead of a mere game. As with our political constitution, the unwritten rules count almost as much as the written ones. Throwing a small, hard missile at or near another man is too dangerous an activity if there is not, besides printed laws, an unspoken convention as to when honest hard play becomes dishonest intent to murder. This mysterious ethos of fair playing conduct, what's cricket and what isn't cricket, has crept deep into the English soul. It can't be defined in general; you can only say it was or it wasn't present in a specific situation. An area where

it is very often lacking these days is in really fast pitching, but I will come to that later.

Another strange element in cricket is what a modern art critic might call its aleatory side. Aleatory art is where at least part of the creation is left to pure chance. No two cricket grounds in the world, for instance, are quite alike. There is no fixed dimension to the outer boundaries of the field. Even at major league level many grounds have easy sides to hit to, and hard ones. Some have slopes. Some are fast, others slow, depending on the type of grass grown, how close the groundsman cuts it, on weather conditions. The wildest dice of all are rolled by the weather. The nature of the bounced delivery means the state of the turf is all-important. As a rough rule lack of rain means hard turf, which suits the batter. If rain has softened the turf, it helps the pitcher. In a game lasting several days, the turf may suddenly grow fience from docile, or *vice versa*. Since its quality in general deteriorates through a long match, in cricket the first side at bat is not a matter of who is visiting but is decided by the toss of a coin. Sometimes winning the toss virtually decides the game before it is started—yet one more element of hazard.

But nothing in cricket must seem stranger to Americans than the almost total absence of the coaching and management apparatus of baseball. Even the international teams travel with only a tour manager (to handle arrangements and publicity) and a masseur and scorer. The kingpin is very much the captain on the field. He makes *all* the tactical decisions through a game. He will also be on the team selection committee, and his voice will carry the most weight. The players effectively coach themselves. They may ask an old pro for some friendly advice, but that is all. Nor are our teams in any sense owned; they are packed and paid by elected amateur committees. This *laissez-faire* atmosphere extends right down to the individual player. A fielding captain will use his available pitchers as he pleases, but once he is at work the pitcher will pitch in general according to his own hunches and experience. He may occasionally confer with his captain and the catcher, but he is expected to formulate his own strategy. The same goes for the batters.

This comparative freedom from management and commercial pressures

brings one great benefit to cricket: a surprising democracy of status among all players of the game. There are, broadly speaking, four main layers of skill. At the bottom—but only in skill, not in importance—is village cricket, with games lasting just one afternoon, four hours or so. Above that is amateur club cricket, with members drawn from a town or district or sometimes from all over the country. Their matches last a day, six hours of play. Above that is professional county cricket, equivalent to major league baseball, where three-day matches are played. On top of the pile are the "test," or international, matches that run (and sometimes sleep) for five days. But there are two other important cricket reservoirs. One is at colleges and universities. The other is in the working-class North of England, where they play to a short-duration formula⁶ called League cricket. The League teams will usually have only one professional, who coaches the best local talent and also takes the star role on the field.

The glory of this complex structure is that players in all categories mix much more often than in any other sport. Oxford and Cambridge play the professional county teams, adult club sides play high schools. Many players still of class but past their professional days will happily play on club and even village teams. There is no contempt, in other words, for the bush leagues. The advantage for promising young players is enormous, since the best exponents of the game are not locked away, figures to be glimpsed on TV or from the sidelines of a major ground, but are actually there to play with or against.

By the time I was 18 I had pitched against a lot of professionals and even some international players—including two captains of England and one of the finest cricketers of all time, the West Indian Leerie Constantine.⁷ My second pitch to the great man he mis-hit straight

continued

⁶ Recently and very successfully adopted by our major leagues—so successfully indeed that the standard three-day match may well disappear soon.

⁷ Later Lord Constantine, the first black man ever to sit in our House of Lords, in recognition of his brave and lifelong fight off the cricket field for racial justice. He was a trained lawyer, but in many other respects—not least in his dazzling speed and athleticism—he recalls baseball's immortal Jackie Robinson.

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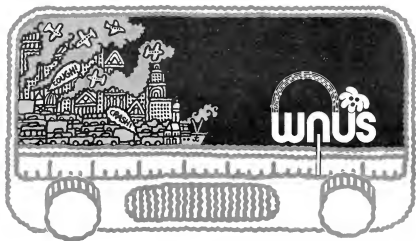
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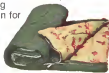
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to a fielder and was caught out for a "duck"—a zero. Producing that easy pop-up was the climax of my cricketing career. I don't know what the equivalent would have been for an American high-schooler—striking out Willie Mays, perhaps. Anyway, I can still see every inch of the flight and bounce of that pitch.

But the point is that the underlying philosophy of cricket makes such experiences far from rare. The assumption is that the senior players have a kind of duty to help the junior and less good ones. This means that baseball and cricket are not national games in quite the same way. The one is now a highly professional popular entertainment, the other is more of a widely practiced folk art. This readiness to accept very different levels of skill on the same field works, needless to say, only if the better players are prepared to be indulgent. On that same day I had Constantine's scalp, it so happened he was pitching when I had to go in to bat. He was as famous for his football as for his batting. Until I appeared he had been bowling at half-speed, but as I came to the box I saw to my horror that he was piling out his long run-in for real business. He duly bounded in, like a black jaguar, and delivered. I never saw the ball, just heard it hit the catcher's gloves. I did see Constantine with his hands on his hips, grinning at me. There was a laugh round the ground. A sense of proportion had been restored. But from then on he went back to his half-speed pitches, the ones he knew I had at least some chance of handling.

As in baseball, cricket batters seem cast by spectators as the heroes and the pitchers as the villains, which says something about Anglo-Saxon love of property. I was very much on the villains' side when I played myself, and I am going to pass quickly over the art of cricket batting. But one or two important differences from baseball need to be noted. Cricket batters are not, of course, more skilled than their baseball analogues,¹ but they do have a much more complex technique to learn. There are the great differences in turf brought about by preparation and mowing practices and the weather—huge adaptations of method

are sometimes called for. Secondly, the flat blade of the cricket bat makes it a much more precise instrument for finding the holes between fields. Thirdly, the all-round strike zone means there is a whole armory of scoring strokes to be learned that deflect the ball *behind* the catcher. Since the batter can also receive a limitless number of pitches as long as he isn't put out, and since also a number of those pitches will be aimed straight at his body, there is in addition an elaborate defensive technique. The art of waiting out pitches is also much more vital in our game.

One last difference from baseball is this: Since no substitutes are allowed, each man on the team of 11 has to bat in a full inning, and this includes the pitchers. There is no fixed batting order. Each captain can change it as he likes, even in mid-inning, but almost invariably the specialist lead-off men, whose main task is to tire out the opening pitchers, are followed by the big run-scorers; then comes the "tail," the specialist pitchers who seldom last long at bat but who traditionally follow a death-or-glory line and slug wildly at every pitch. Once in a while luck will run with them, and there is nothing a cricket crowd loves more.

Since the cricket ball is a shade harder than a baseball, if it hits you—even at far slower speeds than the fast men pitch—it hurts. The batter therefore wears hardened shoes or boots and strapped-on protective pads from ankle to above the knee. Above that he often wears thigh pads beneath the white pants. Also beneath the pants he will wear a "box"—a metal shell over the genitals supported on a G-string. Above the waist the only protection is on his hands—gloves with rubber spikes or pads over the fingers. This still doesn't prevent broken phalanges from being a commonplace accident every season.

So, armored a little like a medieval knight, he stands at the batting line and looks down toward the pitching end. He sees three men there. One is the umpire behind the far stumps. The second is his temporarily-out-of-play fellow batter. The third is the bowler, standing some way behind the other two—sometimes 40 yards or twice the pitching distance—and waiting to make his run-in for the delivery.

The cricket bowler's arms must be straight from shoulder to wrist as he de-

livers.² The ball doesn't have to bounce before it reaches the bat; even a baseball trajectory is perfectly legal, but the flat face of the cricket bat makes such pitches easy meat. Bowlers come in three main kinds: fast, medium and slow, but the offensive is almost invariably begun by the fast men. True fast bowlers of international caliber are rare, since the top speed requires a very special combination of strength and pitching action—having one without the other is no good. The best of the century was Harold Larwood. His run-up to the pitching line had the violent and yet smooth acceleration of a champion long jumper. To describe the tremendous speed of pitch he could achieve in terms of bullets or cannonballs is somehow misleading—the arrow leaving the full-drawn six-foot bow gives a better impression. Watching such bowlers on their great days is a little like watching a hungry leopard attacking a series of tethered goats: very near indeed to sadism.

I hope I have by now corrected any namby-pamby impression the word "bowling" may give Americans. Facing a fast bowler is not a job for fainthearts. The cricket batter may have some of the armor of a knight, but he is, so to speak, on a stuffed horse. Some technically excellent players have never been able to face this unfair form of joust, and to most fast bowlers the faintest hint of a yellow streak is like a gold vein to a prospector—it won't go unexploited.

One mistake many Americans make is to suppose bowlers always aim at the stumps. This isn't so at all, and perhaps especially with the fast men. Their tactics are given away by the special fielder-placements they use. Most of the fielders are clustered behind the batter and alongside the catcher. They are there to catch snicks off the edge of the bat, and to get these snicks the bowler will frequently aim wide of the stumps. Other fielders will often be stationed at what may seem suicidally close proximity to

continued

² Originally *underarm*, the delivery was allowed to be made from shoulder level in 1835 and then as high as one liked in 1866—against the same kind of angry protest from the batters as baseball pitchers were to hear in their sport a decade later.

³ The most famous fielding casualty in the game's history was Frederick Prince of Wales, a cricket fanatic, he died in 1751 as a result of taking a hard hit in the side.

¹ But pro baseball fielders, let me add in passing, are much more skilled than *any* cricket analogues—especially in throwing.

the batter—down to six or seven feet on occasion—to pick up easy flies from another kind of fast pitch, the “bumper.” The bumper is bowled at maximum speed but deliberately “short” of a good length—good length being the normal optimum point of bounce from the bowler’s point of view. The result with fast men is a pitch that rises viciously chest or head high. The intention is naked: to scare the batter physically.

There is not much the batter can do against a good bumper except put his faith in his reflexes and the lightning dodge away. If he tries to block the ball with his bat, he risks popping up a fly to the greedy hands a few feet away waiting for just such an offer. However, there is one offensive move against this cricketing beanball—a hit that is nearest to a baseball batter’s pull to left field. We call it the hook. Hooking requires a first-class eye and a lot of courage; if you miss, you may end up with a broken nose or a mouthful of loose teeth.

One of the unwritten rules concerns this kind of pitch. The bumper is not used against inexperienced batters (the other side’s specialist pitchers) who form the tail of the inning. Occasionally one is let fly against such a lamb, and the unforgivable occurs: he is laid out flat. But the most unforgivable of all is when a fast bowler “bumps” a batting fast bowler from the other team. The ensuing situation is about as genteel as a Mafia fall-out.

The next category of bowlers, the medium pacers, are experts with the curveball. The ability to “swing” pitches with the cricket ball is something of a mystery. In its fresh state the ball has polished leather sides, which produce the most curve—so much so that the use of a new ball is strictly regulated. The pitching team gets one at inning commencement, but then no replacement until at least another 480 pitches have been made. The curve is also very dependent on air humidity—the damper the better—and on wind direction and force. But the real key is how the equatorial stitched seam of the cricket ball is held. A very ancient—illegal and universal, like the spitball—trick of the swingbowler is to lift up the seam with his nails so that it offers more air resistance and bite when it hits the turf. The second part of the bowler’s art lies here: what happens when the curveball strikes the grass. Experts cannot only curve the ball either way in flight but can make it angle ei-

ther way on the bounce. The batter is faced with two very fast decisions—which way the ball will move in the air and which way again when it bounces in front of him. It may curve right and then break or cut further right, or angle back left, and the same with a left curve.⁹

In general this type of bowling is the hardest to score runs off. Many of our curveball bowlers are monuments of monotonous accuracy—fine for teams who want to steal their way up the standings, but hardly conducive to entertainment.

It is the third type of cricket bowler, the slowball expert, who has far and away the subtlest skills. He has to depend entirely on cunning, the mind of the fox. His two weapons are spin and flight. For spin the ball is flipped with the fingers, and often by a wrist flick as well, as it leaves the hand. When it hits the turf the imparted spin on the ball makes it move left or right of the flight line just like the English the cue can give a billiard ball. On a certain kind of turf, either softened by rain (a “sticky wicket”¹⁰) or turned to dust by too much sun (a “crumbling wicket”), this movement can be bewilderingly sharp. “Flight” is the ability—one of the hardest techniques to learn—to trick the batter over exactly where the ball will bounce. The effect of a well-flighted pitch is this: the batter thinks he knows precisely where the ball will land in front of him and starts out on an apparently easy half-volley drive along the ground. At the last split second he realizes he’s been fooled—the ball is going to bounce short. But it is too late to stop his swing.

The Indians toured England in the summer of 1971 and gave us a rare opportunity to see a world-class quartet of slow bowlers at work. Such bowlers are a liability on a percentage-playing team, since they can be hit over the horizon if they pitch badly. Very few national teams these days have the courage to use them often. The Indians did, and won the se-

ries. The finest of their snake charmers was a small bearded Sikh named Bedi, who has the picturesque habit of wearing a different-colored turban for each day of a match. I think if any visiting American had dropped in on one of the India-England matches and seen Bedi in action, he really would have given up on cricket. He would quite rightly have assumed the English team contained the best hitters in the country—and what did he see? A bizarre mini-rajah taking three or four lazy strides, then pitching balls at the kind of speed that would disgrace an arthritic grandmother, balls which her 10-year-old granddaughter could clearly have slammed every time into the cricket equivalent of the bleachers. Yet here was the cream of England poking and prodding, missing and scrambling as if bewitched. Invitation after invitation to swing, and not a run scored—most of the time not even attempted.

Bedi’s magic can be explained. It was based on miraculous accuracy. The slower the pitching speed, the smaller the area of optimum bounce becomes. At Bedi’s snail-like pace he was down to the equivalent of infallibly hitting a dinner plate at 18 yards’ distance—remarkable enough, even without all the other tricks of spin, flight, pace variation and angle of delivery arm that he employed. He never quite pitched the same ball twice, even in the longest spells, though to an American they would have seemed identical. Bedi was a perfect example of cricket’s only too frequent unwatchability to all but other cricketers. For the neutral *eyewitness* it was like being in the presence of a superb *sitar* player: for English patriots it was like watching children, your own children, locked up in a cage with a king cobra. For the rest, alas, Bedi must have seemed a final proof that cricket was invented in a lunatic asylum by an incurable catomane.

Bedi leads me to one advantage, a fortunate of history, that cricket has over baseball: the fact that it is played as well at the highest level by a number of other countries (all former parts of the defunct British Empire) as it is at home in England. Much more important in international competition than the prestige of winning is the esthetic broadening in style and technique that results. Each of the major cricketing countries contributes a special approach, a spirit, a mood.

The Australian approach is in a sense

continued

⁹ The first cricket bowler to have both curves was an American—the Philadelphia J. B. King, who would have made any international team of his era. The Gentlemen of Philadelphia, incidentally, played major league cricket here as late as 1908.

¹⁰ “Wicket” is used not only to describe the base sticks but also the turf between them. The commonest word for this turf, however, is the patch—one of many linguistic traps for the American. With us a “fast pitch” means a turf giving a fast bounce, not a fastball.

We built 7 solid stereo systems for the man with an 8-track mind.



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If you've got your mind on 8-track, we've got seven JCPenney stereo systems you can choose from. Why so many? We figure, while you've heard of JCPenney, you probably haven't heard much about JCPenney stereo systems. So we put all the things you're looking for into our stereos. Like outstanding quality. Solid, handsome design. Inside and out. And a choice of more models. To make our systems worth looking into.

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If that doesn't sound like exactly what you're looking for, we've got more. Like our model 1759 below. It plays and records 8-track cartridges.

There's also a BSR full-size turntable for records. And a powerful AM/FM/FM-stereo radio. The distinctive-looking speakers hold big 8-inch woofers and 2½-inch tweeters. 339.95.

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About the only necessity the 164 doesn't give the rich is a suntan (because the sunroof is about the only thing that isn't standard).

Then there are the luxuries we consider necessities.

Like power-assisted disc brakes on all four wheels.

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A body welded in one piece—any one of its thousands of spot welds strong enough to support the weight of the entire body.

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The six most common mistakes of the twice-a-week tennis player.

1. Unimaginative service. Cannonball followed by patty-cake. Everybody knows how unimaginative that is. But beyond trying for two probably good serves instead of one possibly great, there are ways to keep from stereotyping your service.



Work on placing the ball. Serve to your opponent's weakest shot, to his most awkward move. Then vary it. Put a little more on one, take a little off another. Alternate spins.

There are more tips to avoiding the stereotyped serve, and you'll find them in our booklet.

2. The killer complex. Every time you see a ball lobbed way up in the air to a Stan Smith or a Billy Jean King, close your eyes. What you're going to see will probably hurt your game. Because what they're going to do is smash the ball — zambol! — right down their opponents' throats.

On hitting the overhead shot, what you should remember is that to score you've got to hit the ball,

to hit the ball you've got to see it, and to see it you'd better not be swinging from your heels trying to kill it.

The tip is simple. Meet it and place it. That's what scores. More on the killer complex, and how not to beat yourself in our new booklet.

3. Playing doubles like you play singles. Doubles is an entirely different game than singles. If you ignore that fact, and just try to play your best singles, you will probably win occasionally. But to win often, learn some doubles strategies. The strategy can be simple, like placing the ball right down the middle rather than in the alleys, or much more complicated.

Doubles strategy, net warm-ups and "ghost" doubles are explained in the Converse booklet.

4. Playing for the big point. Let your opponents win the big points. Let them be the ones looking thankfully skyward after hitting one between their legs backwards.

You just want to win more points than they do. So play steady shots. Hit your best shots well, concentrate on hitting the ball squarely. How to let your opponents beat themselves, plus special tips on steady volleying in our booklet.



5. Thinking you've outgrown the lesson stage. Since you know how to hold your racket, how to serve, how to hit a decent backhand most of the time, you figure you've outgrown the need for a pro's advice.

If so, we have some advice. You never outgrow your need for milk, bourbon and tennis pros. Every step of the way to the World Championship, a pro's advice is essential. USPTA pros helped us put together the Converse booklet, and they'll help you put together your game.

6. Going for footwear fads. Your pro and your sporting goods dealer are experts on tennis equipment. If you get a little confused by all the styles and claims in tennis shoes, just ask them about Converse.

By the way, your tennis pro shop or sporting goods store is where you can get our book of tennis tips in its entirety: "The most common mistakes of the twice-a-week tennis player." It's free for the asking.



When you're out to beat the world.  **converse**

Cricket

the most Americanized—the most free of unnecessary frills and graces, the most pragmatic. Australians play a little harder to win—on top form, a shade nearer the ruthless machine than anyone else. The other five major cricketing countries are India, Pakistan, South Africa (at present boycotted), New Zealand and the West Indies. The South Africans and the New Zealanders play the game more or less in the aggressive Australian mold. The Indians and Pakistanis are more temperamental—and perhaps especially when they are touring over here, since our climate doesn't suit their style of play. They need sunshine and hard ground. The Pakistanis have more panache, the Indians more subtlety.

But beyond any doubt the greatest contribution to the modern game has come from the smallest of the six countries—the West Indies. They have given to cricket something of what the American Black South brought to the history of music—a kind of élan, a new rhythm and vitality, an athletic grace, a joy and exuberance beyond the compass of any white race. For a start, they are born gamblers, which means that whenever a West Indian is near the action there is an indefinable heightening of the tension. Their finest batters have a very characteristic wristy strike, slashing and explosive, and like the finest black jazz players seem always to have something in hand over the best of their white rivals. A great Caribbean "bat" will show an acuteness of timing, a ferocity of attack, that is incomparable. Purists sometimes complain that they lack the classical elegance of the best English masters and the no-nonsense practicality of the Australian-run machines, but for sheer spectator pleasure they are in a class of their own, and in any case one might as well blame them for their inspired unorthodoxy as criticize a calypso for not being a Beethoven sonata. Many West Indian players have either settled here or come over for the summer to play in our major leagues, and English cricket is now unthinkable without their presence.

One happy result of all this is that the West Indians' cricketing popularity has helped the underprivileged position of their large community in this country. It is not only the way they play but the way they watch. West Indian spectators have as little inhibition as American baseball fans in telling the players—their own or the other side's—what they think. They

continued

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But it's our own professionals who every week write and edit SPORTS ILLUSTRATED that give the magazine its continuity and its tradition. Our by-liners aren't playing pros—but you could call them prose pros. Or even: all pros and no cons.

Cricket continued

have stood the English style of watching—silence broken by a polite clap—on its dull old head. A good shot they below for, a glorious shot they stand up and dance to.

A few years ago I was at a famous London cricket ground, the Oval, for the last day of a historic match between the West Indies and England—historic because for the first time the West Indies were close to beating England in the home series. The ground was packed solid with immigrants and native Londoners. There came a point in the final inning when it seemed the West Indies batting might collapse. The most dangerous fast bowler in the world is the Englishman John Snow, who has the build and a fair share of the temperament of an angry young bull. The West Indian batter facing him was a little man named Rohan Kanhai, about half Snow's size. Snow began to hurl bumpers, bouncing them lethally up round Kanhai's head. Since bumpers pass high over the stumps and are dangerous in a putout sense only if the bat-

ter tries to meet violence with violence, the proper strategy for Kanhai at that fragile state of the match was to duck down out of the way and wait the storm out. He did that a few times. Then Snow charged up and pitched what was evidently meant to be the humper to end all bumpers—a thunderbolt straight between the eyes. This time Kanhai made an extraordinary madar leap to get up to the height of the ball and took a full baseball swing at it. It was the surliest human reaction I have ever seen, totally improvised and totally without elegance, for after he made contact he fell flat. Meanwhile, the ball was sailing high over the ground limit for the cricket version of a homer—a six-run score.

I doubt if Goliath has ever been more comprehensively slain. The whole crowd, white and black alike, roared its recognition. Every white spectator there knew it was a shot only a West Indian would have had the speed or the flair—or the madness—to attempt. The match was a formality after that. I watched the unique

sight of working-class Londoners, not exactly the spearhead of the movement for racial equality in this country, loving the West Indians and all they stood for—and willing them on to the victory they eventually gained. When that came about, for a few unforgettable moments there was no color, no hate, no suspicion; just a common humanity.

And yes, in sad fact we still don't give the West Indians equal rights in our society, whatever lip service we pay to the race laws. Nevertheless, I like to think that what happened that day belongs to a real future. And I've left out one small detail. When Kanhai hit that unhittable pitch, Snow had for a moment the incredulous eyes of a steer poltreated out of the blue. But then he did something rare in wricken Goliaths. He raised his hands and clapped. I think that's a better ending than the one in the Bible, and it will help me to a final definition. Those sulen and malevolent bumpers Snow kept pitching were not cricket; but that spontaneous clap was.

END

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week May 8-14

AM BASKETBALL—The interim team from RUSSIA ended its U.S. visit with a 105-83 victory over the national AAU champions of Lexington, Ky. The Russians finished 3-4 against their collegiate opponents earlier in the week by losing the fifth game 89-88 in overtime and taking the last 72-64. During the slam bang series the two teams combined a total of 427 fouls in six games.

PRO BASKETBALL—NBA: The New York Knicks beaters won the final two games, 103-98 and 102-93 to take the NBA championship 4-1 from Los Angeles (see #4).

AHA: The Indiana Pacers took their second straight AHA title, beating Kentucky in seven games. The Pacers lost the sixth game 109-93, but won the fifth 99-86 and the final 88-81 (page #4).

BOWLING—Olympians and a Golden Gloves champion fell in high school events at the 55th annual AAU championships. RANDY SHIELD, 17, of Hollywood, Calif., won 1973 Golden Gloves champ Ray Leonard in the 135-pound class. MIKE HILL, 16, of Albany, Ore., took the 175-pound title from Oregonian David Armstrong after three upset wins at 145, 160 and 175. In the semifinals, DALLIE GRANT, 17, a national Golden Gloves title from Tacoma, Wash., won the 176-pound class by a 2-0 margin over Jerome Bennett and MARVIN HAGLER, 23, of Bremerton, Mass., outboxed Marvin Terry Debbis for the 185-pound event.

CREW—MARIETTA (Ga.) College captured the first high-point trophy in the 25th Dad Vail Regatta on the Schuylkill River by winning three events in the eight-hour finals. Marietta took the freshmen heavyweight, varsity lightweight and the junior varsity heavyweight. The Coast Guard Academy at New London, Conn., won the freshmen lightweight and the senior varsity lightweight. The University of Massachusetts scored an upset over Coast Guard in the varsity heavyweight, as Tamiie French won a surprising second. Alabama won the four-oared final and Jacksonville took the paired-event event.

GOLF—Briest Crumpton double bogeyed the 18th hole to blow a one-stroke lead and give the \$750,000 Colonial National Open to TOM WESSKOPF, who finished with a 776.

HARNESS RACING—In the first viewing of Hambletonian candidates, KNIGHTLY WAY won the \$19,536 U.S. Harness Writers' Trial for three-year-olds by 1 1/2 lengths over Walter Be Good. John Simpson Jr. drove Knightly Way, who paid \$23.

HOCKEY—NHL: The Montreal Canadiens lost to the Chicago Black Hawks 8-7 but then bounced back

and checked the Stanley Cup 4-2 with a 6-4 final game win (page #7).

HORSE RACING—WINDY'S DAUGHTER (512-40) broke a 20-year streak to take the \$60,000 Acorn Stakes at Aqueduct by a length over Piker Night at 11-10. Belle Meunier doubled up.

1972 Kentucky Derby winner RIVA RIDGE (132-80), ridden by Ross Torrance, won a \$12,000 10-furlong third race at Aqueduct by four lengths over Devlin of Kings.

LACROSSE—John Hopkins' perfect record ended in a one-goal loss to MARYLAND in the No. 1 ranking with a 3-2-4 drubbing of the second-ranked Jays before 7,500 in College Park. The Terps were guided by Ed O'Meara with five goals and one assist, and Doug Scherber with three goals and four assists. Gauche Bill O'Donnell made 18 saves and anchored a defense that held Hopkins' Frank Whiteberger and Jack Thomsen to one goal apiece. Maryland finished the regular season 11-0. Third-ranked NAVY scored on straight second-half goals to even a 4-2 deficit and beat Army 8-7. Marty Moran converted three goals for the Midshipmen. Flyers scored Virginia's first in Washington and Lee 15-11. No. 8 Brown University in Georgetown lost to the top 15-6-0 of Dartmouth. Brown ended Cornell's five-year domination.

The 1972 Philadelphia ABC College Team again Great Britain's Women's Tennis Team 11-8 at Centage High School at Berwyn, Pa. It was the first time the British team had lost to an American group since the international competition began in 1936. Third Home Beth Anden sparked the Philadelphia with three goals and two assists in a second-half surge that made 5-3 victory 11-5 final.

TENNIS—STAN SMITH won the 1973 World Championship Tennis \$500,000 (see #5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

HORSE RACING—WINDY'S DAUGHTER (512-40) broke a 20-year streak to take the \$60,000 Acorn Stakes at Aqueduct by a length over Piker Night at 11-10. Belle Meunier doubled up.

1972 Kentucky Derby winner RIVA RIDGE (132-80), ridden by Ross Torrance, won a \$12,000 10-furlong third race at Aqueduct by four lengths over Devlin of Kings.

The defending champion U.S. team won the American Zone Section B of Davis Cup competition 4-1 in Mexico City. HAROLD O. SOLOMON of Robert Springs, Md., defeated Karl Rasmussen 6-6, 7-5, 7-5. DICK STOCKTON scored a 2-6, 5-1, 3-8, 3-8 win over Luis Buzalid in the final day of play. The U.S.

double team of TIM GORMAN and ERIK VAN DUSEN defeated Rasmussen and Vicente Zayas 7-5, 12-14, 6-3, 6-4. The U.S. will meet Mexico, Section A American Zone winners.

TRAIL & FIELD—Nineteen-year-old STEVE WILLIAMS, a sophomore at San Diego State, won the 100-yard dash in 10.8 seconds at the 1973 National Track & Field Championships in Durham, N.C. The other three team members were TOM RACH (1:58.5), KEN SPARKS (1:43.1) and LOWELL PAUL (1:48.4).

THE CHICAGO TRACK CLUB, guided by RICK WILSHUTER, a 148-pounder, won a world best for the 100-yard dash with a 10.8 in the 100th Year King Games in Durham, N.C. The other three team members were TOM RACH (1:58.5), KEN SPARKS (1:43.1) and LOWELL PAUL (1:48.4).

MILWAUKEE—FRED: Coach of the NHL Vancouver Canucks, VIC STASUR, 44, after a 27-17 season in which the Canucks finished next to last in the East.

NAMED: As general manager of the NHL St. Louis Blues, CHARLES CATTD, 38, player personnel director of the WIAA Cleveland Crusaders.

NAMED: JIM LYNAN, 31, an assistant at St. Joseph's (Pa.) College, as head basketball coach at American University.

NAMED: JIMMY SATALIN, 35, as head basketball coach at St. Bonaventure, replacing LARRY WILSH, 36, who coached the Bonnies since 1961, compiling a 212-99 record.

NINCO: To a five-year career as general manager and coach of the NBA Seattle SuperSonics, BILL RUSSELL, 48, a seven-time champion for a career \$125,000 per year. The fifth coach in Seattle's 10-year existence, Russell played in 11 championship games in Boston, including two seasons as player-coach.

DIED: Veteran Driver ART POLLARD, 46, in a crash during a warning run at the Indianapolis Speedway. One of the oldest competitors in the Memorial Day classic, Pollard was the 24th driver to die at the track (page #6).

DIED: Nationally syndicated Columnist NILED LARSEN, 61, of cardiac arrest, in Brooklyn, Calif. LARSEN, a writer for the New York Post since 1946, he authored several books, including *Play Your Own Music* with Royal Pattersen.

DIED: JOHN P. SMITH, 48, former signifier of Kevlar Rodger's 1972 North Dame series in West Hartford, Conn. Smith coached at Trinity College, Georgetown and Duquesne Universities.

CREDITS

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FACES IN THE CROWD



RICHARD MOORE, 9, a four-year senior from Philadelphia, received his Black Belt in Karate. Richard has been training for three years at the Tae Kwon-Do Mon Duk Kwan School. He has completed 12 first-place tournaments with a 100% win record.



EDDIE BANE, a 5'9" southpaw from Arizona State, broke the NCAA career record for strikeouts with 489 in less than three years. This season he is 12-1 with a perfect 9-0 game over California State. He currently leads the NCAA in strikeouts with 146.



SALLY VILLAREAL, a 5'1" forward for McMullen County (Texas) High, led her basketball team to a third straight regional tournament and a 33-2 record. A senior, she averaged 34.4 points per game, shooting 73.2% from the field for a 3,877 three-year career total.



STEVE PARSONS, of Northfield, Ill., holds 13 track and field records for one-year-olds, including a 53.8 for the 100-yard dash and a 1:05.7 for the 200-yard dash. Steve, whose father is a high school cross-country coach, also holds the mile run mark with a 24:16.



SCOTT HORSTMAN, 18, from Waco, Tex., paced his YMCA basketball team, the Bears, to state championships in 1972 and 1973. In three years of play he has scored 1,867 points. He averaged 32.5 a game this season as the Bears achieved a 29-0 record.



LINDA NELSON, 15, a sophomore at Moore High (Louisville), finished first in all four events at the Kentucky State High School Girls' Gymnastics Meet. Linda won the speciality, the uneven bars, with 18.05 points (out of 20) and averaged 17.88 in the others.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

BRICKBATS FOR DESIS

Saying that the American League's designated hitters get more hits than the National League's pitchers (*Off the Ball and Into the Box*, May 7) is like saying that bricklayers lay more bricks than brain surgeons do. Of course they get more hits, but whatever the game is they're playing, it isn't baseball to me. Part of the charm of baseball is in seeing the manager exploit the strengths and weaknesses of his players, making his moves to utilize the skills, or lack of them, that each man possesses. The DH rule has taken much of this finesse out of the game, profoundly changing it for the worse.

If one DH is good, I'll bet my Pirate yearbook that somebody is going to figure that two is better. If two, why not nine? Better yet, why not 18—nine righties and nine lefties? How about bringing back Dick Stuart and giving him a job as a DFB (designated first baseman)? More jobs for young and old!

There are possibilities in other sports, too. Consider a DBFGR (designated blocked field goal runner) for Gary Yepremian. Sun up Bill Sharman and have him become Wilt Chamberlain's DFS (designated foul shooter). And, by all means, have a DP (designated punter) for Sam Snead.

All of these things make about as much sense to me as the DH rule. What scares me is that I can truly see them coming.

JAMES W. DAVIS

Princeton Junction, N.J.

Sirs:

While the designated hitter will produce a lot more hits and runs for the American League than ever before, I feel that the DH should bat ninth in his team's batting order, the spot that pitchers have been relegated to over the years. After all, it's the pitcher the DH is replacing, isn't it?

WALT NEIDHAM

Allentown, Pa.

Sirs:

If, as William Leggett suggests in his article, the American League has a more exciting brand of baseball due to its new DH rule, somebody had better tell its fans. On Sunday, May 6, the American League drew only 64,745 for seven games (including one doubleheader), the Nationals drew 137,002 for seven (one doubleheader). That is an average of 19,572 for Feeney's boys as compared with 9,249 for Cronin's. If the DH is as stimulating as Mr. Leggett suggests and if the National League were to adopt it, I assume the NL probably would draw three times as many fans as the AL. However, I predict that Chub Feeney will stick with his

DO (designated out, i.e., the pitcher) and feel twice as nice about it.

B. RENEAL ROMBER

Kansas City, Kans.

Sirs:

Regarding your article, Charles Feeney may answer Joe Cronin's "letter" thus: Dear Joe:

Glad you are enjoying yourself. We can hardly wait to see you in the World Series where your Devo will have to take the rest of the year off and your pitchers, who haven't swung wood all season, will have to fend for themselves, just like the good old days. We think it will be a lot of fun.

Chub

JOE WILKINSON

Denver

DRESSING DOWN

Sirs:

Concerning your article on Luis Tiant (*Where There's Smoke, There's Luis*, May 7), I thought that the pictures were obnoxious. At least you could have shown more photos of Luis playing baseball. I really don't want to see him taking a shower. I like Tiant, but I like him best in a uniform.

ROD HENNER

Plantation, Fla.

Sirs:

I enjoyed Myron Cope's article on Luis Tiant. Tiant never has gotten the credit he deserves, but Eddie Kasko has done something right by putting him in the Red Sox starting rotation.

BON JACQUES

Charleston, W. Va.

PAT FOR PAT

Sirs:

Your May 7 article on Pat Stapleton (*Little Big Man of the Black Hawks*) was much appreciated and long overdue. Though Bobby Hull remains my particular passion (I'm even subscribing to a Winnipeg newspaper to keep track of his new team), I have long considered Stapleton the Hawks' outstanding all-round performer, going back to the rookie days of his flat-top haircut. The writers have too long singled out the Orrs, Parks, Magnussons and other big-name defencemen. It is nice to see that someone at last has recognized Pat's talents as a hockey player.

JOHN JAY WHITEHIS

Princeton, N.J.

THE AMERICANIZATION OF SOCCER

Sirs:

Congratulations on Gwyllyn S. Brown's interesting article (*Goal, Somebody! A Pre-*

May 7). I sympathize with Phil Woosnam, who is doing his best to promote soccer in the U.S. It really is a shame that professional soccer has continued to meet "America's mushy reluctance," and that all sincere or business-oriented attempts at introducing it in this country have remained almost fruitless. One reason for this may be found in the fact that Woosnam and Clive Toy are "trying to build a pyramid from the top down," ignoring at the same time the "groundwork at the schoolboy and amateur level." They seem to have overlooked the fact that whatever has been done for soccer in this country is due to the unselfish efforts of many individuals from among various ethnic groups: Ukrainians, Germans, Greeks, Italians, etc. Many existing amateur soccer leagues have for years been doing the groundwork (i.e., the German American Soccer Association in New York). As a result, the youngsters from those leagues are the ones now playing soccer on high school and college levels, and they should be credited for the fact that "over 600 colleges now field organized teams."

We suggest that contact with those leagues, sincere cooperation with them and financial support of their efforts (by those who support NASL and others) will be of more service to soccer than imported British teams, which draw only a handful of spectators and do not appeal to those ethnic groups that have been doing the Herculean work for the sport.

JOSEPH V. KRAWCZYNIEK

Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Sirs:

It was nice to see the story on the long-ignored North American Soccer League. However, it is doubtful that readers will fully appreciate the inroads that native Americans have made into this once all-foreign league. For instance, last year the St. Louis Stars were the only team to field a starting lineup that was more than half American. The result was a division title and a narrow loss in the playoff finals.

Over the winter, the league's nine teams drafted a total of 43 college seniors, and several of the clubs will be using their selections as the nuclei of revamped and distinctly North American squads. The newly formed Philadelphia Atoms have gone a step further by hiring Al Miller as one of the very few American-born coaches in the history of the circuit.

To sum it up, the North American Soccer League has made more progress down the road to Americanization in six years than the National Hockey League has in 30.

RICHARD S. HARIAN

Upper Merionide, N.J.

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ALAN E. MAHER

Massapequa Park, N.Y.

Sirs:

I have said that if I'd ever run an article on the North American Soccer League I would eat that issue. I wish to report that the May 7 issue goes very well with mustard and mayonnaise (although the staples are tough). I hope I can make a regular diet of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*.

DENNIS WATKINS

Colorado Springs, Colo.

JAY-REE

Sirs:

As one who has been in country & Western music for six of my seven years in broadcasting, not only as an announcer but also as sports director, I see the impact of Jerry Clower (*Kneec 'em Out, Jay-ree!* April '80) every day. Not only do I receive hundreds of requests for Jerry's "coon-huntin'" stories, but people have started calling in for Mississippi State scores right in the middle of LSU-Tulane country.

Jerry Clower has brought hours upon hours of that good old down-home country humor to people everywhere, no matter what background they claim. Hats off for sharing with the rest of the nation some of Jerry's humor, feelings and beliefs.

Oh yes, I could've sworn I heard somebody at a Port Sulphur game yell, "Kneec 'em out, Johnnie!"

MIKE SANDERS
Sports Director
KAGY

Port Sulphur, La.

Sirs:

Roy Blount's article is a tribute to a man who has done a great deal to destroy the "white racist" image that the South has retained. The reason Jerry Clower is so successful and loved by all people with whom he comes into contact is that he is able to look deeper than a man's skin before judging what kind of person he is.

Jerry Clower may be a country boy from East Fork, Miss., but considering his comment, "If I'd been born black, I'd have made Stokely Carmichael look like a circumcised," I can't help but think of Jay-ree would have broken the color line at "Mississippi State" much earlier than the mid-'60s.

MIKE GOODWIN

Auburn, Ala.

(continued)

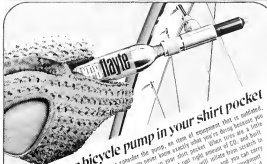
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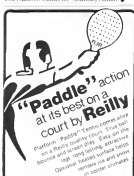
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19TH HOLE

STRAIGHT SHOOTERS Sirs.

The article by Mark Kram on Jeff Cooper and his efforts on behalf of pistol shooters (*Of Arms and Men They Slay*, May 7) was misleading. First, Charles Adams Jr. is a retired colonel in the Army. He is also a veteran of the Border Patrol and past national pistol champion as well as the author of several books on pistols. Second, Jeff Cooper is a retired Marine lieutenant colonel and a entitled to wear "scrambled eggs" on his hat. He earned them the hard way. He was one of the runners-up for an award recently given to the person who has done the most for handgunners (the winner was Finner Keith of Idaho, who is really the historian-apostle for those of us who love to shoot pistols).

One small put on the back: When you quit taking cheap shots at Dick Davis, the shooter, etc. and started talking about Cooper the man, you did manage to show some insight.

Your magazine has failed to fully recognize the many shooting sports: trap, skeet, pistol, rifle and hunting. Articles on these sports, written and reported in the same serious manner as you report on bridge, etc., would certainly be appreciated by many American sportsmen.

WILLIAM L. GEORGE

McGuire AFB, N.J.

Sirs:

The Mark Kram piece on Jeff Cooper's Las Vegas combat shoot is probably the fairest treatment shooters have had from you people in a while.

One demerit: there is a very great deal more literature about target shooting than the good writings of Colonel Charles Adams Jr. Jeff Cooper's articles on combat pistol are classics, as Kram suggests later on.

BILL R. DAVIDSON

Western Media Representative
National Rifle Association

Benson, Ariz.

RACQUET BOOM

Sirs:

Thanks to Brock Yates for his timely article (*Squash We Gather at the Spanish Court*) May 71, which reflects a current boom in America in racquetball/handball courts. (For the record, squash is played on an entirely different size court.)

Racquetball's rapid growth as a complete family sport can be attributed to the fact that it is just plain fun, coupled with any degree of exercise one wishes to derive from it.

BILL MURPHY JR.

San Diego

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